

GIANT FULL-COLOR PINUP OF BOB BACKLUND

December 1981

\$1.50

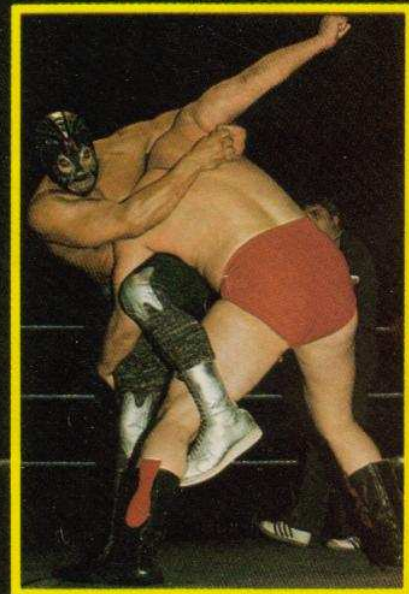
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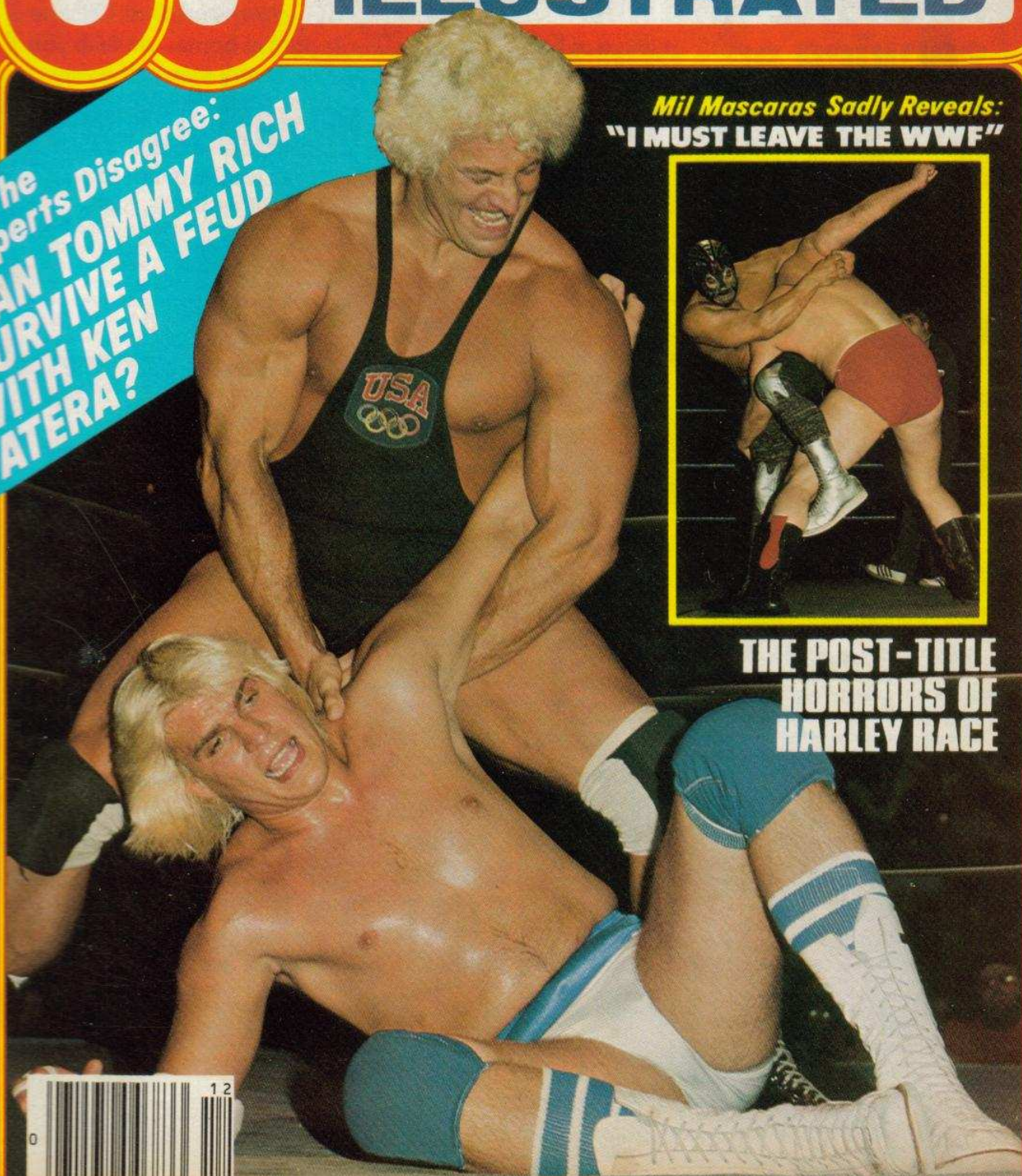
PRO Wrestling ILLUSTRATED

The Experts Disagree:
**CAN TOMMY RICH
SURVIVE A FEUD
WITH KEN
PATERA?**

Mil Mascaras Sadly Reveals:
"I MUST LEAVE THE WWF"



**THE POST-TITLE
HORRORS OF
HARLEY RACE**



KING'S COURT

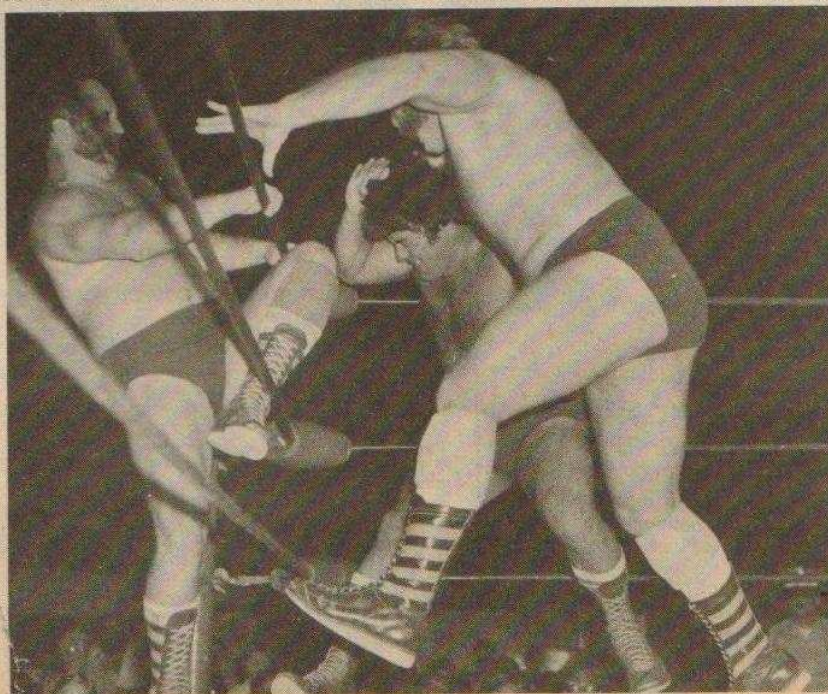
By Peter King

A LOOK OF maniacal joy transformed the facial features of Ole Anderson into those of a hideously grinning madman. His opponent, a young prelim kid named Buddy Glimpshier, lay on the mat with his arm twisted in a horribly deformed angle. The youngster's face was covered with blood, and the pain from his mangled arm caused him to moan in anguish. Ole Anderson bent down and screamed in the

unfortunate lad's ear. "Don't go unconscious on me, boy, I want ya to feel some more pain!"

Across the ring, Gene Anderson called to his brother. "Tag off, brother. Let me have some fun."

Ole walked over to the corner and slapped Gene on the hand. Gene slowly walked over to the crumpled Glimpshier, like a lion stalking its wounded prey. Anderson then jumped high into the air and came down with his

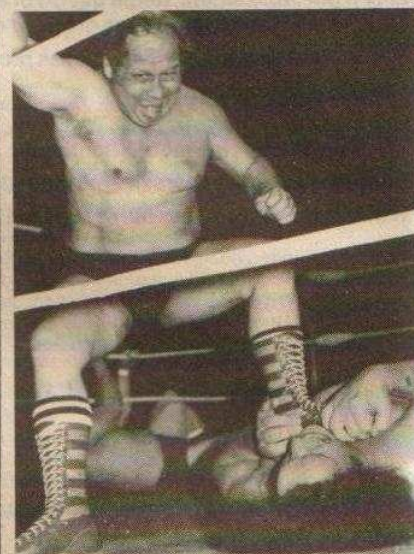


Gene and Ole Anderson attack Paul Jones in much the same manner they did Buddy Glimpshier. Unfortunately, it appears that Glimpshier's career is over.

heel on Glimpshier's wounded arm. The young man screamed in pain. Gene Anderson laughed, enjoying the sight of his and his brother's utter destruction.

The match lasted for five more minutes. The Andersons continued to take turns pummeling the helpless young man. Finally, like a cat who grows tired of torturing a small bird, Gene Anderson pinned Glimpshier and ended the bout.

These two men, these Anderson brothers, are called tag team champions of the world by the NWA. They wear beautiful, diamond-studded belts which



Gene Anderson uses the ropes for leverage as he drives his boot into Andre the Giant's throat. The Andersons, Peter King feels, are disgraceful champions.

signify their achievement. But calling the Anderson brothers champions is like calling a killer a saint.

"We used to be satisfied with just winning," Gene Anderson said later. "But Ole and I have been around a long time. You can't just beat your opponents. You gotta destroy them."

Ole Anderson nodded agreement with his brother. "Look, if we just beat our opponents and didn't punish 'em, we'd be wrestling the same people over and over. Gene

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RINGSIDE

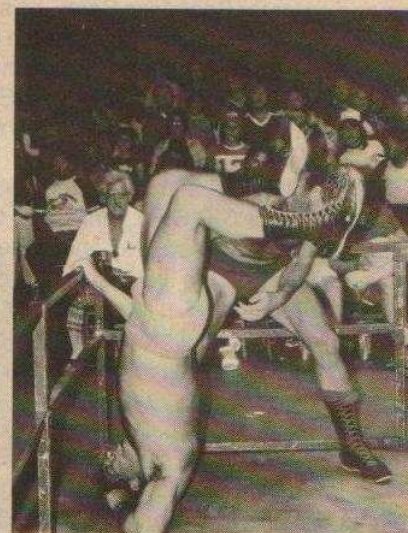
With Bill Apter

PROVING THAT HE intends to wrestle all worthy challengers, NWA champion Dusty Rhodes accepted the challenge of his close friend, Ted DiBiase. The match, which lasted nearly 16 minutes, was strictly scientific, with Dusty successfully retaining his title. After the match, the two combatants embraced warmly. Now Tommy Rich, another close friend of Dusty, seeks a title shot.

"Whoever the National Wrestling Alliance deems the

number-one challenger in an area, I will wrestle," Rhodes said. "I said I ain't gonna be a champion like Harley Race, always duckin' challengers. I will rattle anyone who is in contention." Atta boy, champ!

Blackjack Mulligan Jr. has taken the Mid-Southern title from the vicious Mongolian Stomper, managed by Don Carson . . . Paul Jones and Wahoo McDaniel have renewed their tag team and are going after the NWA belts held by the Anderson Brothers.



Dusty Rhodes and Ted DiBiase engage in a rare scientific title match with Dusty's NWA belt on the line (left). To the farthest extreme, Dory Funk Jr. dumps Jack Brisco on his head outside the ring (above) as the longest running wrestling feud goes on.



Bruno Sammartino Jr., wrestling in Georgia, says he hopes he will get a chance to wrestle state champion Ken Patera. "My dad has wrestled Patera many, many times," young Sammartino said in a recent interview. "I know how strong and how talented he is as a wrestler, but personally, I think I have a slight edge over him. It would be a real honor to beat him for the Georgia title."

The bouts between Jack Brisco and Dory Funk Jr., formerly battles of hold vs. hold, are now turning into pier-six brawls. "I don't want to try and trade holds with Junior any

(Continued on page 56)

DRESSING CONFIDENTIAL ROOM

By Stu Saks

WATCHING DON MURACO in action is, at the same time, a very pleasurable and very sickening experience. He's to be admired. He's to be despised.

The man is an athlete. It doesn't take too long to realize that. All you have to do is watch him. But remember, to truly appreciate his magnificence, you have to be objective. Try to forget what kind of man he is. Try to forget the fact that it will be just a matter of time before he viciously and joyfully drives his thumb into his helpless opponent's Adam's apple, holding it firmly in place until his breathless foe crumples to the ground. Try to forget that this man would rather maim than win.

Blocking all that out of your mind—and that's no easy task—and you can appreciate Muraco's brilliance. He is a big, powerful man, but unlike many others his size, he knows how to use his physical attributes to their fullest potential. His height gives him an advantage in leverage over almost every opponent. His balance is equivalent to most men weighing 50 pounds less.

Watching Muraco pound a man's face into a bloody pulp, you can hardly conceive of him being an amateur champion. But there are times that he will use scientific holds that would make Jack Brisco

(Continued on page 62)



Muraco displays his utter disdain for Pedro Morales, from whom he captured the Intercontinental belt. Morales had grudging respect for Muraco's ability before their controversial title match.

A—ON— ASSIGNMENT

BY STEVEN FARHOOD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Steve Farhood was unable to write his column this month because of an unfortunate incident at a blackjack table in Atlantic City. Seems that Farhood had a minor disagreement with the dealers. While Farhood is recuperating and while our legal staff looks into the matter, special correspondent Liz Hunter has agreed to travel "On Assignment."

By Liz Hunter

PERSONALLY, I THINK Farhood was right, but let me tell you the story of my strange Fourth of July weekend from the start.

Steve called me up and asked me to accompany him to Atlantic City for two days, a sort of working vacation. We could spend some time on the beach, enjoy a few cocktails, catch a show or two, and maybe even gamble a bit, Steve said. Gamble a bit? I knew once Farhood smelled the casino I would have to gamble with him or dine alone.

The "work" part of the weekend was a charity softball game that Gorilla Monsoon put together. Tug McGraw of the Philadelphia Phillies, Reggie Wilkes of the Philadelphia Eagles, and some other local celebrities were participating. Farhood promised me he'd hit two homeruns "for that little kid in the Baltimore hospital," whatever that meant, and I was anxious to play as well.

Our stay started nicely enough. We checked into our hotel rooms,



Gorilla Monsoon looks for Steve Farhood at the charity softball game, but he will not find him. Farhood, having been charged with assault for attacking a casino supervisor, was spending the day in jail.

settled in, and then went down to the bar for a cold beer. Sure enough, the aroma of the casino got to Steve, and before I knew it he was dragging me by the arm. "I feel a hot streak," he muttered. "We have to go right away."

We sat at the five-dollar blackjack table. Steve took out \$100 and bought 20 five-dollar chips. He started out well and built his pile to more than \$200. But then the cards started falling against him. Suddenly, there were only 10 chips left. Fifty dollars.

Steve decided to bet the whole \$50 on one hand. He was dealt a five and a four. He signaled for another card. It was a three. That made 12. He asked for another "hit." It was an ace. His total was 13. He tapped the table and received yet another card. It was a five. He had 18.

The dealer ended up with a 10, a five, and a deuce, for a total of 17. But when he got around to Steve, he incorrectly added up his total as 16. He took the 10 chips, swept up

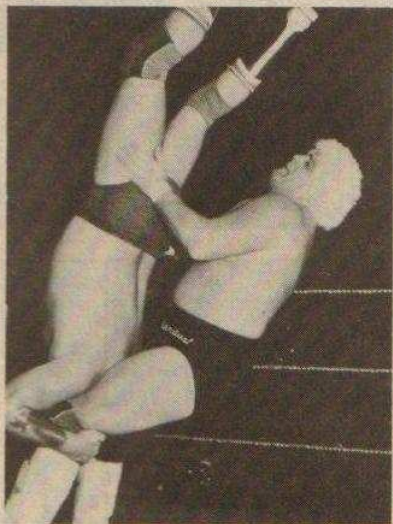
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IN FOCUS

With CRAIG PETERS

NOT HIS DREAM

Everybody seems to be getting their two cents in about the new Dusty Rhodes, what with his NWA title and everything. Well, I'm just as big a bandwagon jumper as the



RHODES VS. RACE

next guy, so here goes. I never really liked Harley Race all that much, so I wasn't losing any sleep when he lost the title. But then again, Rhodes isn't quite my idea of the American Dream, even though he thinks he's the greatest gift to mankind since fire. I'd like to see someone come along who can put both these clowns out to pasture, and I'm sure someone will do it soon. Perhaps Ted DiBiase or Tommy Rich.

EX-CHAMPS

I am very disappointed in Steve O and Ted DiBiase these days. Recently, as a tag team, they haven't been wrestling up to their usual standards. I don't know if it's because they're taking on too hectic a schedule, or what it could be. The result of it, though, is that they've lost the Georgia tag team belts to Jimmy Snuka and that lone Freebird, Terry Gordy. I never liked The Freebirds too much, and Terry was the main reason why. As for Snuka, well, he's the perfect partner for Gordy. And as for the both of them together—well, I just hope that



DiBIASE VS. GORDY

Steve and Ted can work themselves back into their old form again and regain the belts. It's a shame to see them discredited by the current wearers.

MAGNIFICENTLESS MURACO

I'm beginning to be thoroughly disgusted by Don Muraco. He's a capable wrestler, but he should just keep his moronic mouth shut. First of all, he openly admits to beating Pedro Morales through cheating (this netted him the Intercontinental belt). Okay, it's bad enough that he admits to his cheating, but the damn fool goes ahead and gloats about it: "I don't care how I got the belt, I got it now," he says. "It's not how you play the game, it's

winning that counts." Of course his manager, The Grand Wizard, eggs him on through all this garbage. As far as I'm concerned, Muraco is a worthless man without any scruples whatsoever. He certainly has no morals. I can't argue with his right to wrestle, but a man like that should never be allowed to hold a title. Particularly one as important as the Intercontinental championship.

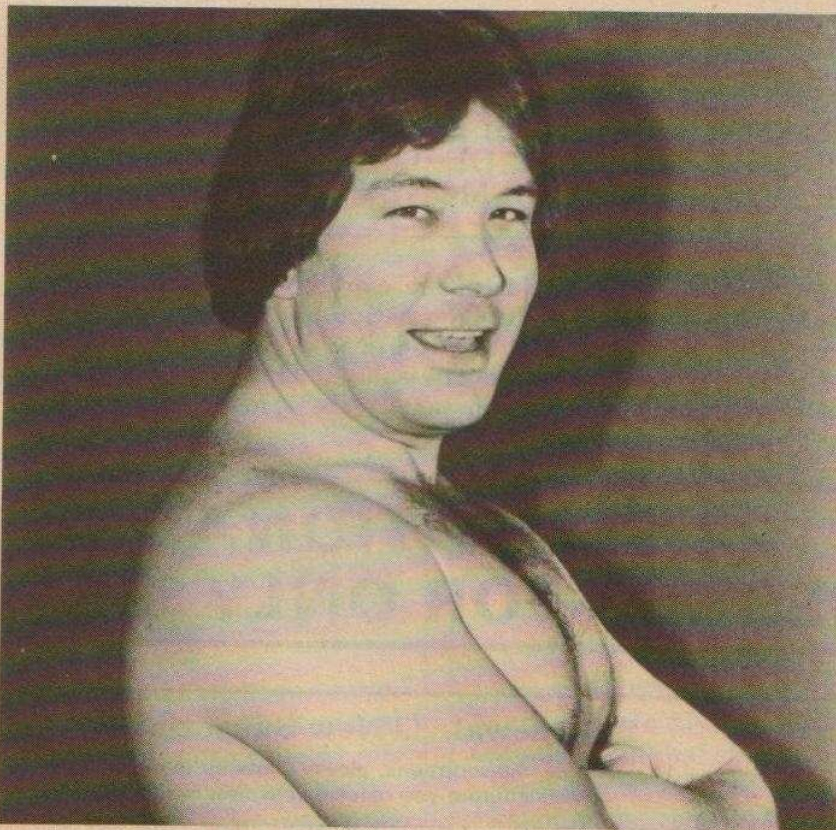
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If you wish to contribute to Shocket's mailbag, send your letters to:

TOP ROPE
Box 48
Rockville Centre, N.Y.
11571

OFF THE O ROPE

By Dan Shocket



Starting this month, I am asking the fans to send in their favorite original Ted DiBiase jokes. It shouldn't be too hard to come up with them. After all, DiBiase is the biggest joke in wrestling.

THIS COLUMN IS inaugurating a new contest: Ted DiBiase jokes. The person with the funniest DiBiase joke will have it printed in this column, making sure DumBiase reads it.

What could be better? Sample DiBiase jokes: "Why did DiBiase have to give up his hockey career?" "He almost drowned in spring training." "Why does Junkyard Dog carry

around a bucket of fertilizer?" "To keep the flies off Ted DiBiase." You've got the idea. Send in your DiBiase jokes today.

Now, for this month's letters:

Dear Mr. Shocket,

In the April issue of *Pro Wrestling Illustrated*, you praised The Fabulous Freebirds. They are nothing but jerks.

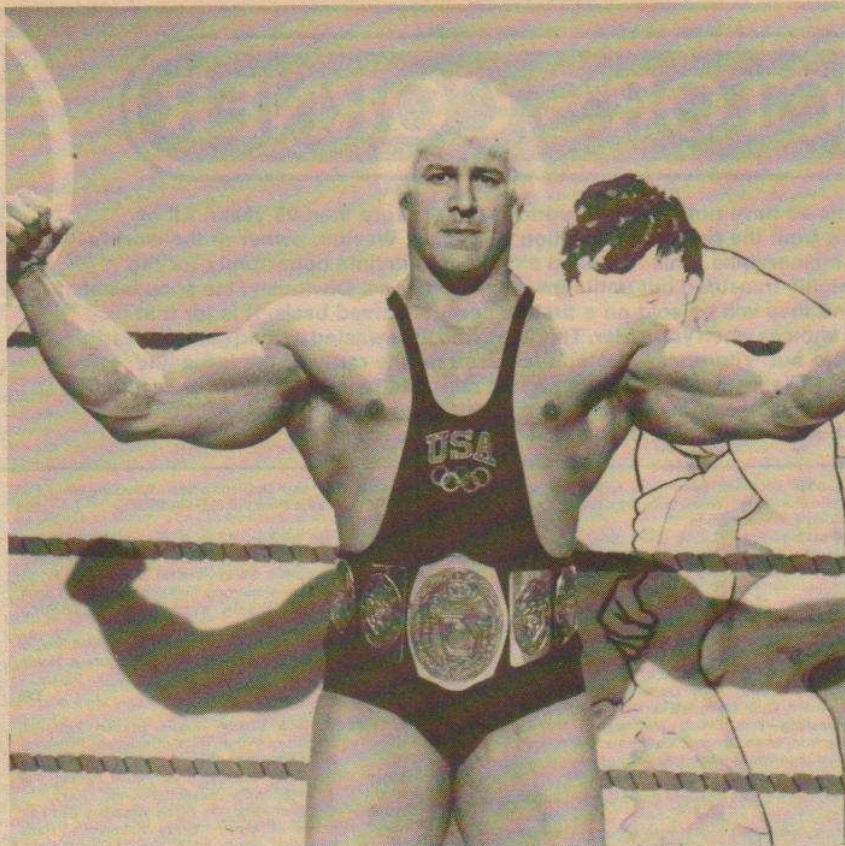
You put down Tommy Rich. Tommy is a superior athlete and deserves credit.

I think Tommy and Dusty Rhodes would make The Freebirds look like the bottom of the barrel. What is your opinion of that tag team?

JOHN RELLIHAN
Kansas City, MO

Dear Mr. Rellihan:

If The Freebirds are the bottom of the barrel, surely Rhodes and Rich would be under it. One would be hard pressed to find two more wimpy, sanctimonious, clumsy boobs than Rich and Rhodes. As a tag team, they would delight the fans and fail abysmally.



Call this man swine if you like, but at least admit that he has the best physique in all of professional sport. Even while the incredible Ken Patera wears the Georgia state belt . . .

Dear Dummy Dan,

You always take up for the bad guys. You like to run your big mouth so much, why don't you wrestle someone like Mil Mascaras? It's so foolish of me to ask. I forgot big-mouth chickens like you are afraid to wrestle great men such as Mil.

I think someone like Dusty Rhodes should get you in an alley and teach you something your momma should have taught you—right from wrong. If you're so big, Mr. Shocket, why don't you prove it, dummy?

JIM KELLOUGH
Ladson, SC

Dear Neanderthal Jim,

Only a semi-coherent moron such as yourself could believe right and wrong can be determined in an alley. If you'd think with your brains instead of someone else's fists, you'd

understand that my function is to analyze and explain, not participate. A real coward is a fool who has to hit instead of discuss.

Dear Mr. Shocket,

You must be a real intelligent guy to have your own column, so why don't you use the brains God gave you?

If Tommy "Wildfire" Rich is such an oaf, then how come he has the Georgia championship belt? None of your swines have it. Explain that!

LANI & ALLAN
VAN LEEUWEN
Niles, MI

Dear Van Leeuwens,

Tommy "Extinguished" Rich lost the Georgia title just weeks after he won it. If in your muddled thinking, you place Ken Patera in the "swine" category, then the swine is

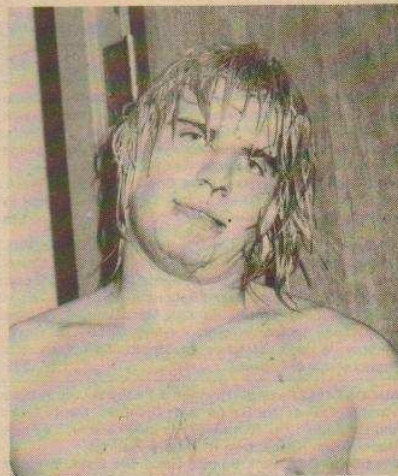
champion. Rich's greatest ability seems to be in holding titles for a shorter time than anyone else. Even money can't buy him a long title reign.

Dear Mr. Shocket,

We are sitting here reading *Pro Wrestling Illustrated* (August/1981).

Well, we read your answer to a letter, you crumb, and did not like it one bit. You called fans of Tommy Rich and Ted DiBiase wormslime. There must be a lot of wormslime out there. We're two of them. We know good wrestlers and wrestling when we see them. Where in hell do you get off saying who is good and who isn't? Why don't you keep your dirty comments to yourself, bucko. You are the dumbest jackass the fans of Tommy Rich and Ted DiBiase have seen in a long time.

PAM WINDLE &
SHEILA LONG
Cuba, MO



. . . some people have the audacity to say that this pathetic looking figure is truly deserving of the title.

Dear Ladies:

Yours was the only response to my calling certain fans wormslime that can be printed in a decent magazine. Therefore, I must modify my opinion. Fans of Tommy Rich and Ted DiBiase are vile, debased, foul-mouthed wormslime. □

Every month, three reporters from **PRO WRESTLING ILLUSTRATED** will participate in an incisive press conference with a top wrestling star. The questions will be demanding. And the answers will reveal the innermost thoughts of the giants of the sport

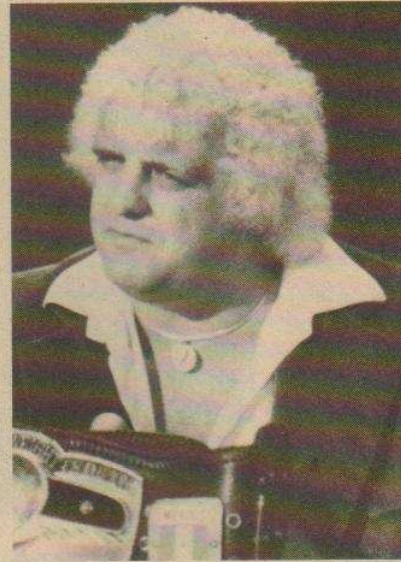
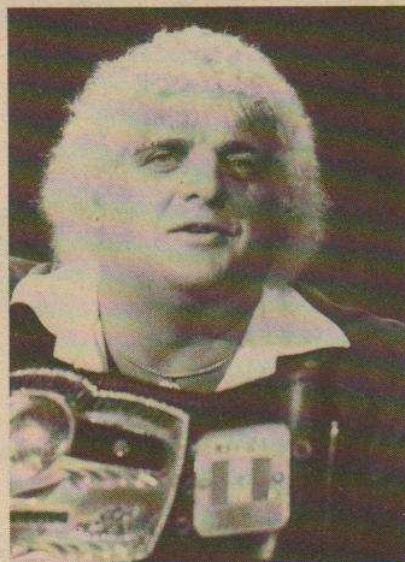
PRESS CONFERENCE

DUSTY RHODES



(It was one of the grandest days in recent history down in Atlanta when Dusty Rhodes recaptured the NWA heavy-weight crown from Harley Race. Interviewed by Managing Editor Bill Apter, Associate Editor Stu Saks and grizzled veteran wrestling journalist Matt Brock, Rhodes talks about his new found title, his threatened revenge against Killer Khan, and his future as NWA champ.)

"I don't care if [Harley Race] was champion six or 60 times, I despise the man. He won the title before because he cheated his way into it, like he does all the time."



BILL APTER: First of all, Dusty, welcome to "Press Conference," and congratulations on regaining the NWA heavyweight title

DUSTY RHODES: Thanks, Bill. I'm proud to be the champion once again, and glad to see that indecent bum Race stripped of a title he should never have held in the first place.

STU SAKS: But Race is a six-time champion, wouldn't that . . .

RHODES: Look, I don't care if he was champion six times or 60, I despise the man. That's all there is to it. He won his title before because he cheated his way into it, like he does all the time. He's a scum, and creatures like that shouldn't be allowed to

defame the honored position of NWA champion.

MATT BROCK: Dusty, let's face it. It's happened once, and you gotta wonder if it could happen a second time. Are you afraid of Race making a comeback campaign for the title?

RHODES: I'll tell you, Matt, I've said it before, and I'll say it again. There's nobody else in the entire sport of wrestling who can give Race some real competition, except me. I know he's going to try for the title again, even *he's* not that stupid to let a challenge go. But to answer your question, Matt, no, I'm not afraid of wrestling anybody, least of all an over-the-hill has-been like Harley

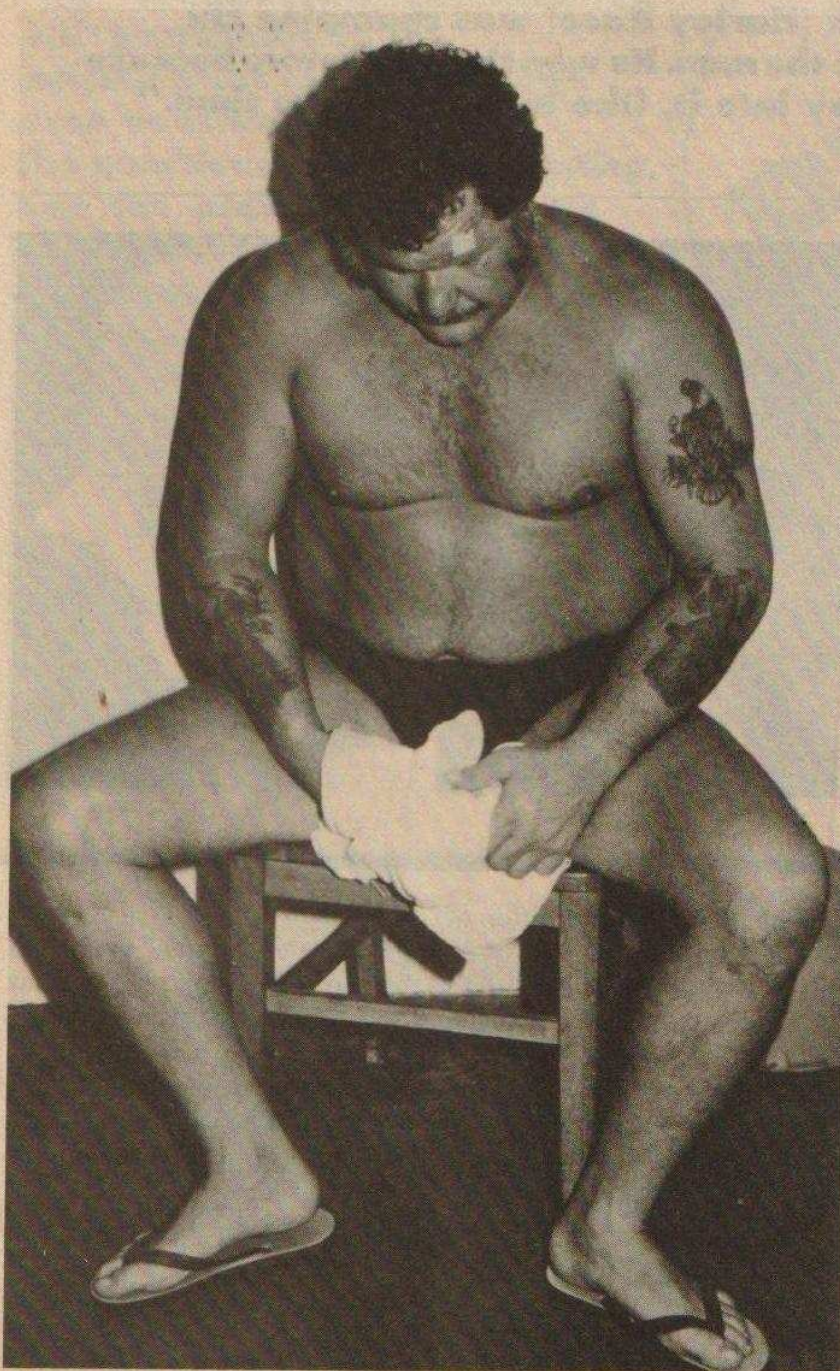
Race.

APTER: I don't mean to belabor the point, Dusty, but NWA president Jim Crockett said following your title bout with Harley that we should "not write off Race in the future." What do you think about his comment?

RHODES: Not very much, and I'm surprised you'd even bring it up again. If you were listening to what I've said here with even half an ear, you'd have heard my opinion about Race again and again. He's no-talent trash, he's not about to get the title back, and if he tries, I'll squash him like the flea he is. As for Crockett . . . well, he's in a position of power as NWA

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THE POST-TITLE HORROR

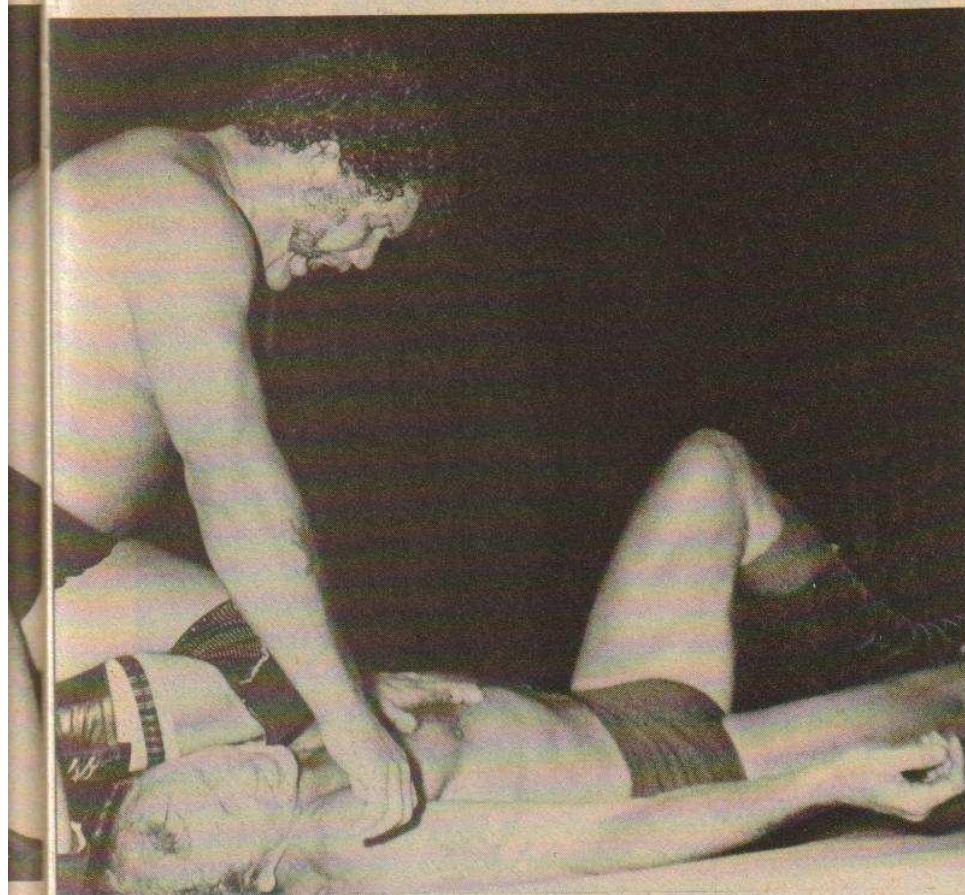


WHILE ALL EYES in the wrestling world are now focused upon the new NWA champion Dusty Rhodes, few observers are paying much attention anymore to former champion, Harley Race. Lack of attention by fans and the media, however, seem to be the least of Race's problems right now.

"You would not believe the kind of abuse I've been getting," Race explained during an interview conducted at his home. "It started

When Harley Race lost his NWA title to Dusty Rhodes, it was only the beginning of a nightmare from which Race could not awaken . . . a nightmare which would drive him to the brink of frustration and anger . . . a nightmare that seemed to never end

BORS OF HARLEY RACE



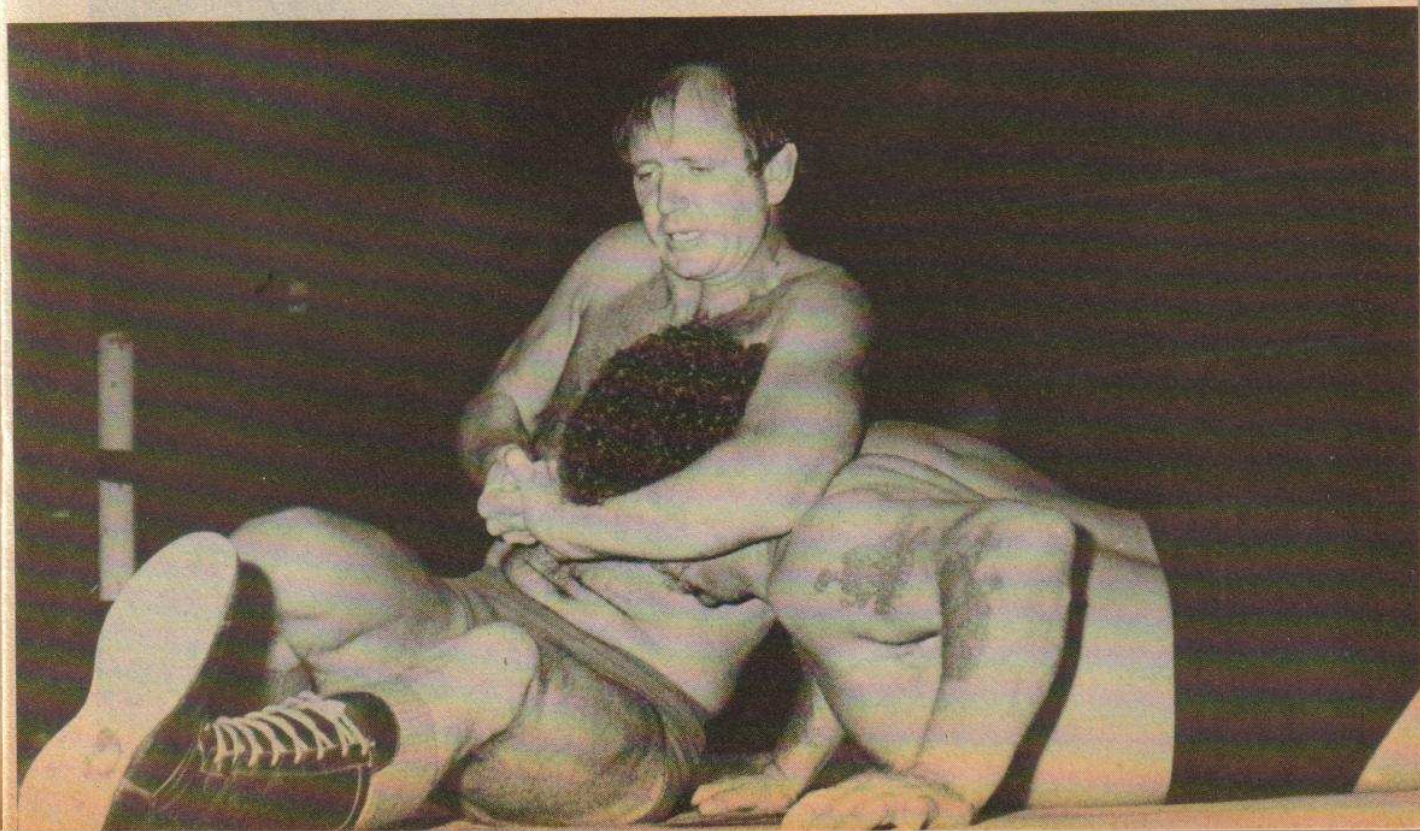
the same night Rhodes took the title. I got home, and the phone rang. I thought it might be some friend of mine calling. Instead, this spastic goon starts babbling about how ridiculous Dusty is and about how I'm even more of a nothing because I lost the title to him.

"Man, that really burned me up," Race continued. "I slammed the phone down so hard I had to call in the phone company to put in a new one. I mean, I was ticked off enough about the match, I sure didn't need that kind of crap besides."

The phone calls, however, did not stop with just that one. Instead, the first call was merely a sign of what was soon to follow.

"As soon as I had my phone

Losing the NWA title was a traumatic experience for Harley Race. But while he has tried to work himself into position for a rematch by wrestling such superstars as Dory Funk Jr. (left and below), his concentration has been broken by crank phone calls and threatening letters.



fixed," remembers Harley, "the sucker was flying off the hook. I mean, it was ringing like an all night pizza parlor or something. Just about every damn caller was trashing on me about the title change, calling me weak, calling me feeble, calling me a has-been. Look, I know there are a lot of jackasses in this world, but a man can put up with only so much, you know what I'm saying?"

Race looked restless. He was more shook up than mad, and

there was obviously a storm brewing inside his head, a storm which showed no signs of slackening.

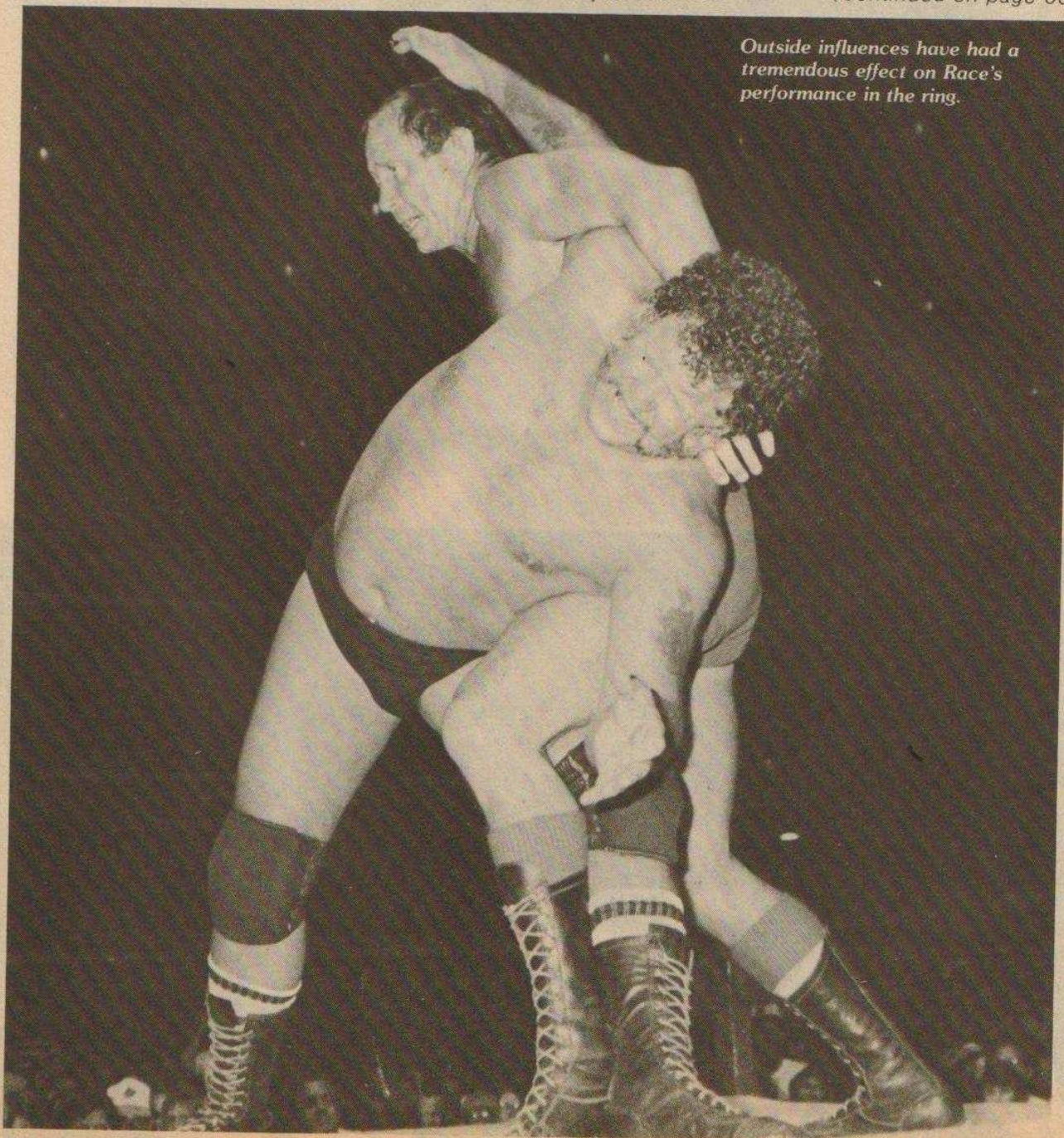
"Then the mail started," Race snarled. "Those slimy weaklings don't even have the courage to sign their hate mail, most of 'em. The others? Well, at least they put their name to what they're saying, but that doesn't make them any better than the others. They're all scum.

"A lot of it was just like the

phone calls at first," recalled Harley, "just plain hate mail. But then they started in with my family, insulting *them*. There's no call for that, no call at all. Cowardly scum, that's all. To attack me is one thing, to bring my family into it is the lowest, most disgusting thing of all.

"And some of the packages . . . the 'gifts' that people sent. You wouldn't believe it. Made me want to puke sometimes, it was so bad."

(Continued on page 66)



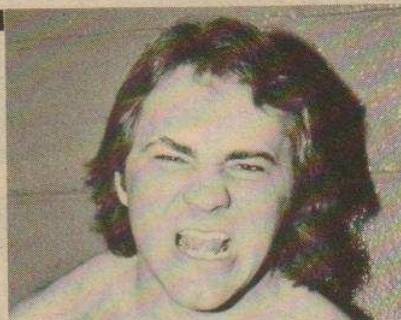
Outside influences have had a tremendous effect on Race's performance in the ring.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING

Every month, our reporters will compile wrestlers' most revealing quotes. Often catching the grapplers with their guards down, our reporters will work endlessly in obtaining interesting quotes on a variety of subjects

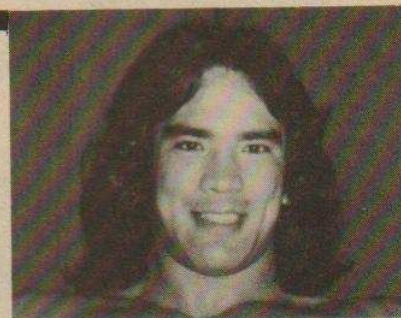
LARRY ZBYSZKO

"One thing I've learned this year is that you have no friends. Every man I considered my friend has turned against me. Every one. Not one asked to help me, not one said he understood. As far as I'm concerned, they can all go to hell. The only person I care about is myself. I'm better off without the rats."



RICK STEAMBOAT

"I respect Dusty Rhodes, I admire the man, and I'm proud he's the NWA champion. This doesn't mean I won't wrestle him for the title if I get a chance. If we ever do wrestle, I'm sure it'll be a tough scientific match, one we can both be proud of. I'm sure if the positions were reversed, Dusty would challenge me. That's what being a professional is all about."



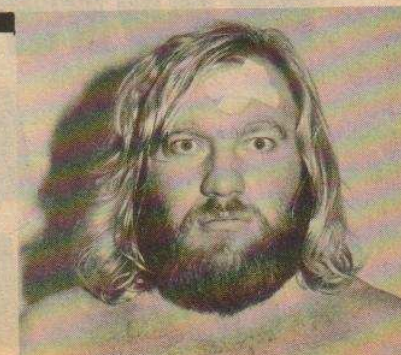
NICK BOCKWINKEL

"I don't care if people complain about my getting the AWA title by executive decree. I don't care if it makes the fans physically sick. I'm the champion and I mean to keep the title. If anybody doesn't like it, they can step into the ring with me and try to take it away."



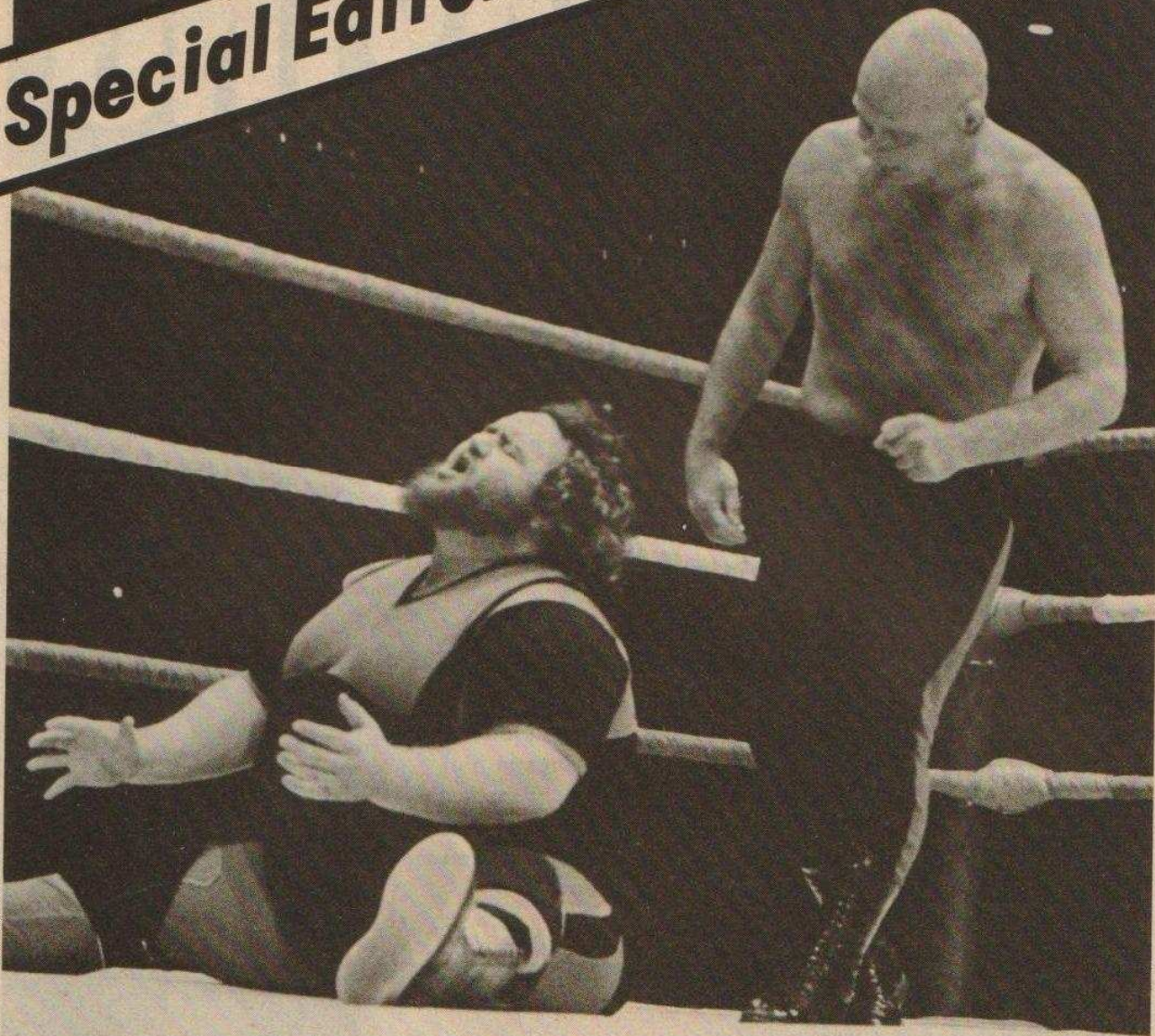
JOHN STUDD

"I want people to be afraid of me. When an opponent meets me in the ring, I want him to fear for his life. He should know that he might have to be taken out of the ring on a stretcher. Make him worry just walking through the ropes. That way, my opponent is half beaten before the bell rings."



(Continued on page 58)

Special Editorial



**BARON
VON RASCHKE
IS NOT
TO BE TRUSTED**

After years of breaking the rules—and breaking arms and legs—it is almost inconceivable that Baron Von Raschke has turned his life around. For the first time in his career, the Baron is battling rulebreakers and being cheered by the fans. It is our opinion, however, that his evil instincts will overcome him and he will return to the ways of his past

HATRED OFTEN BLINDS the wrestling public to the harsh facts of wrestling life. Such a sadistic man now scurries under the cover of this temporary blindness, dashing from black corner to black corner, intent on deceiving all of wrestling so as to give life to his twisted master plan.

His name is Baron Von Raschke. And we accuse him of deceiving AWA fans. We accuse him of forming convenient alliances designed solely to aid him in his demented plan. We accuse Von Raschke of lies and subterfuge.

And we accuse AWA fans of allowing him to gain this frightening foothold in their very own area.

For years, Von Raschke's

infamy spread across the world. His dread clawhold crippled many a foe. His arrogance spit upon many a fan. He was without friends, finding allies briefly, and then discarding them when they had served his sick purposes.

However, now Von Raschke is cheered by AWA fans. He teams with fan favorites Crusher and Mad Dog Vachon. At the sound of his name, fans rise and applaud. But why? What possible path has taken a man of such obvious corrupt morals and inhuman principles to an exalted state as AWA fan favorite?

HATRED.

Like all scavenging rodents, Von Raschke feeds off misery. He has no stomach for good or decency. No, it is the horrible which attracts

him, which gives him his terrifying strength. And the universal contempt of AWA fans for Crusher Blackwell, undoubtedly a loathsome figure in his own right, has given Von Raschke the cloak to slither into the forefront of AWA wrestlers.

Von Raschke has declared war on Blackwell for the portly rulebreaker's assault on Vachon, an old friend of the Baron. And simply because Von Raschke has declared unconditional war on Blackwell, fans are given to cheering him on.

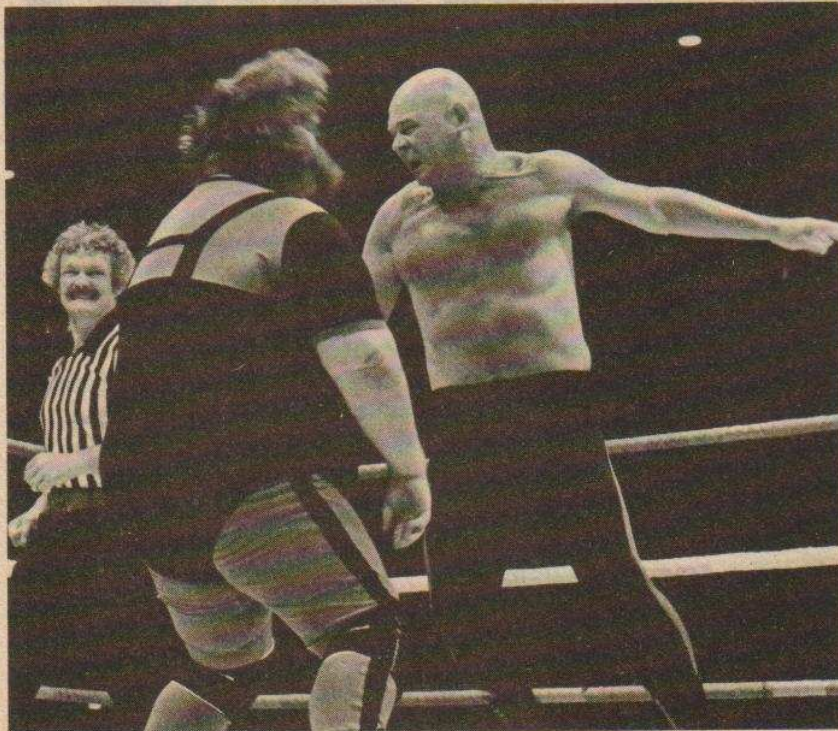
But AWA fans must, absolutely must pause and consider the danger of their actions. Is Von Raschke any less sadistic because he wrestles one so hated as Blackwell? Does his war against Blackwell in any sense lessen his own callous disregard for human life, for rules, for all the hallowed principles which bind Western civilization?

No, again no. Von Raschke is the same. He is still cruel and cunning. We believe Von Raschke will eventually sell out Crusher and Vachon and the entire AWA if it serves his purposes.

Von Raschke has not turned over a new leaf, he is merely cowering under a new leaf. And he uses AWA fans sincere hatred of Blackwell as fuel for his misguided interests.

AWA fans must know the enemy in their midst. They must cease cheering on Von Raschke. They must not give him their trust or their love.

Like all lower forms of planetary life, this man will turn on AWA fans as sure as his name is Baron Von Raschke. □



Though Baron Von Raschke is receiving the support of the fans in his battles with Crusher Blackwell, there is the ever-present danger that he could change his ways without notice.



Mil Mascaras Sadly Reveals

When Mil Mascaras entered the WWF, there was a job for him to do. Now, according to the masked master, that job is complete and there are other tasks to be taken care of elsewhere. He may not enjoy it, but a man must do what must be done

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER

"I MUST LEAVE THE WWF"

MIL MASCARAS MUST feel something like a marshal in the old west. In those days, a man would come into town, eliminate the sleazy gunfighters, cattle rustlers, and all those who walked under black hats, and then move on to the next frontier outpost.

In much the same way, Mascaras has come into the WWF, wrestled all comers with his usual integrity and sportsmanship, and now feels as if he must move on.

"It's a sad thing to have to leave the WWF," revealed

Mascaras, "but it's also quite inevitable. There are many things that I must accomplish in wrestling, and for now, the WWF is not the place to accomplish them."

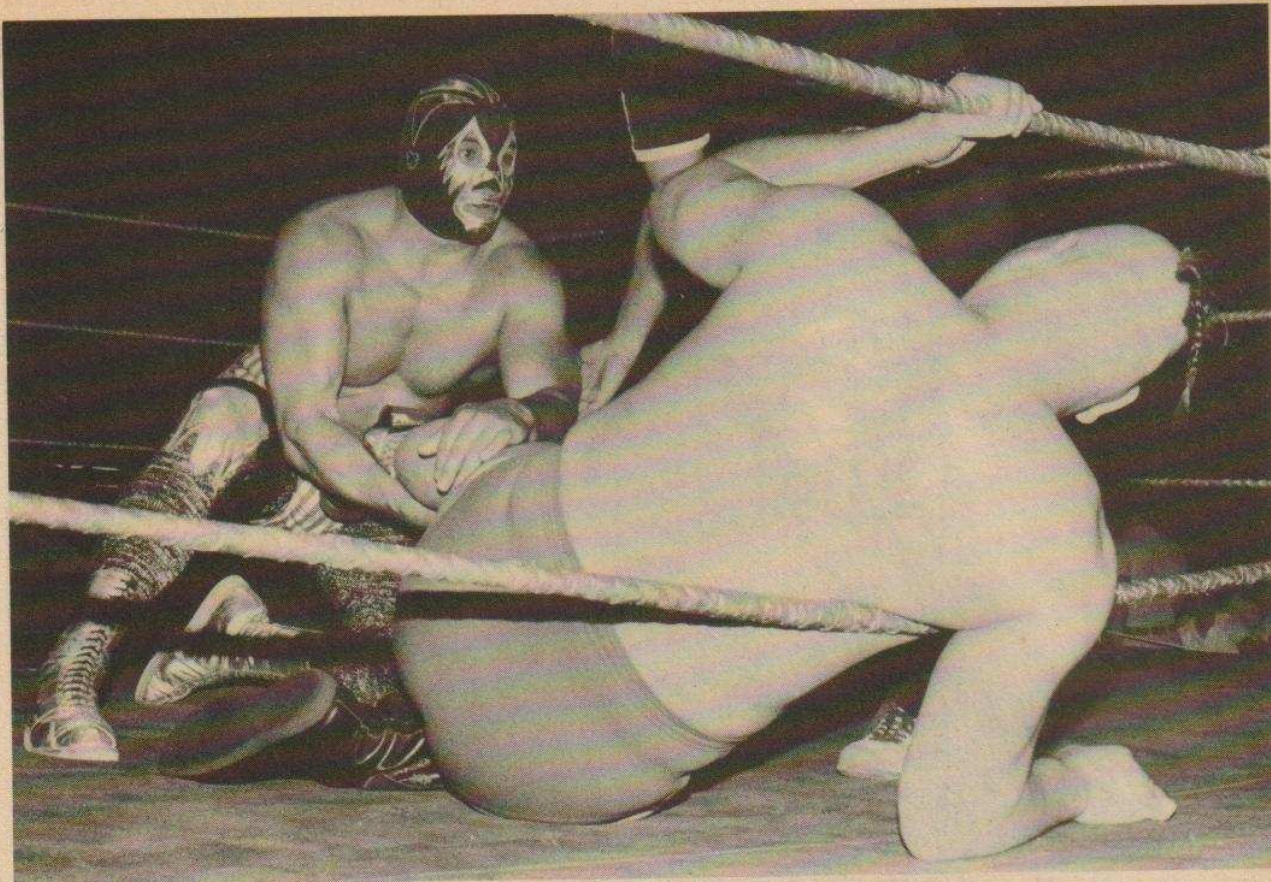
As one of the world's foremost scientific wrestlers, Mascaras feels his mission is to rid the sport of those men he feels are unworthy of taking part in the continuing traditions of the squared circle.

"Wrestlers should feel like I do," said Mascaras, "that it is an honor to step into the ring and wrestle. But too many men today

are brawlers, have no respect for wrestling as a sport . . . for wrestling as an art."

It's no secret that Mascaras is referring to wrestlers such as Superstar Billy Graham, Bull Ramos, The Moondogs, and Killer Khan.

"Those were probably my most satisfying accomplishments here in the WWF," reflected Mascaras. "The Moondogs and Khan. Especially that Oriental beast Khan. He's a freak of nature, a freak of Oriental culture, and deserves everything that he gets, particularly in the



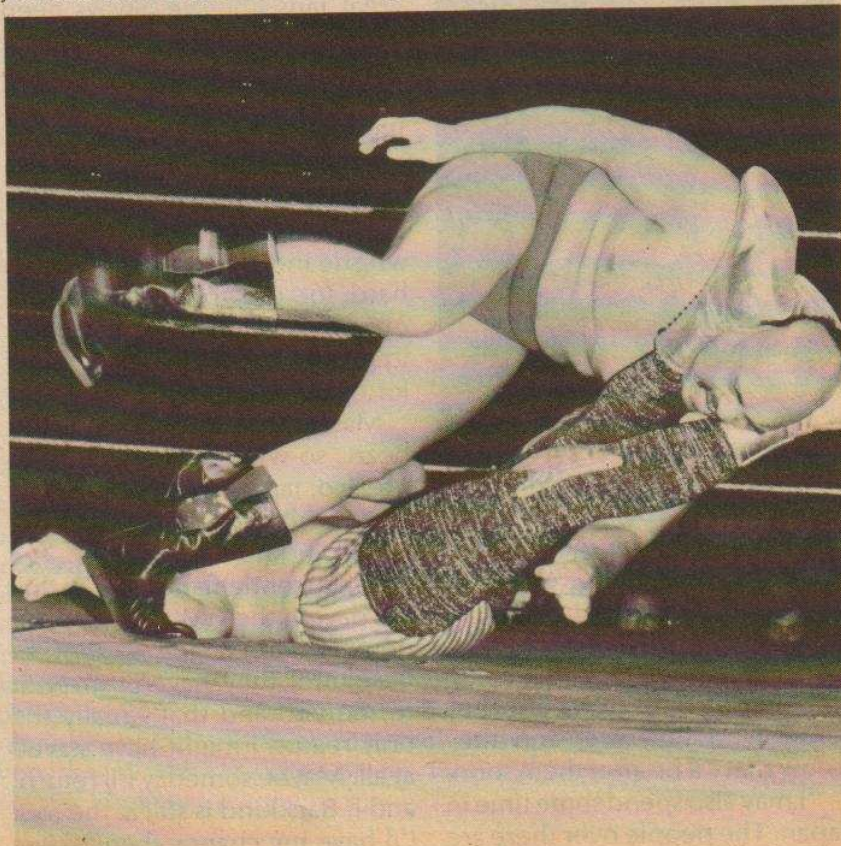
way of pain and suffering.

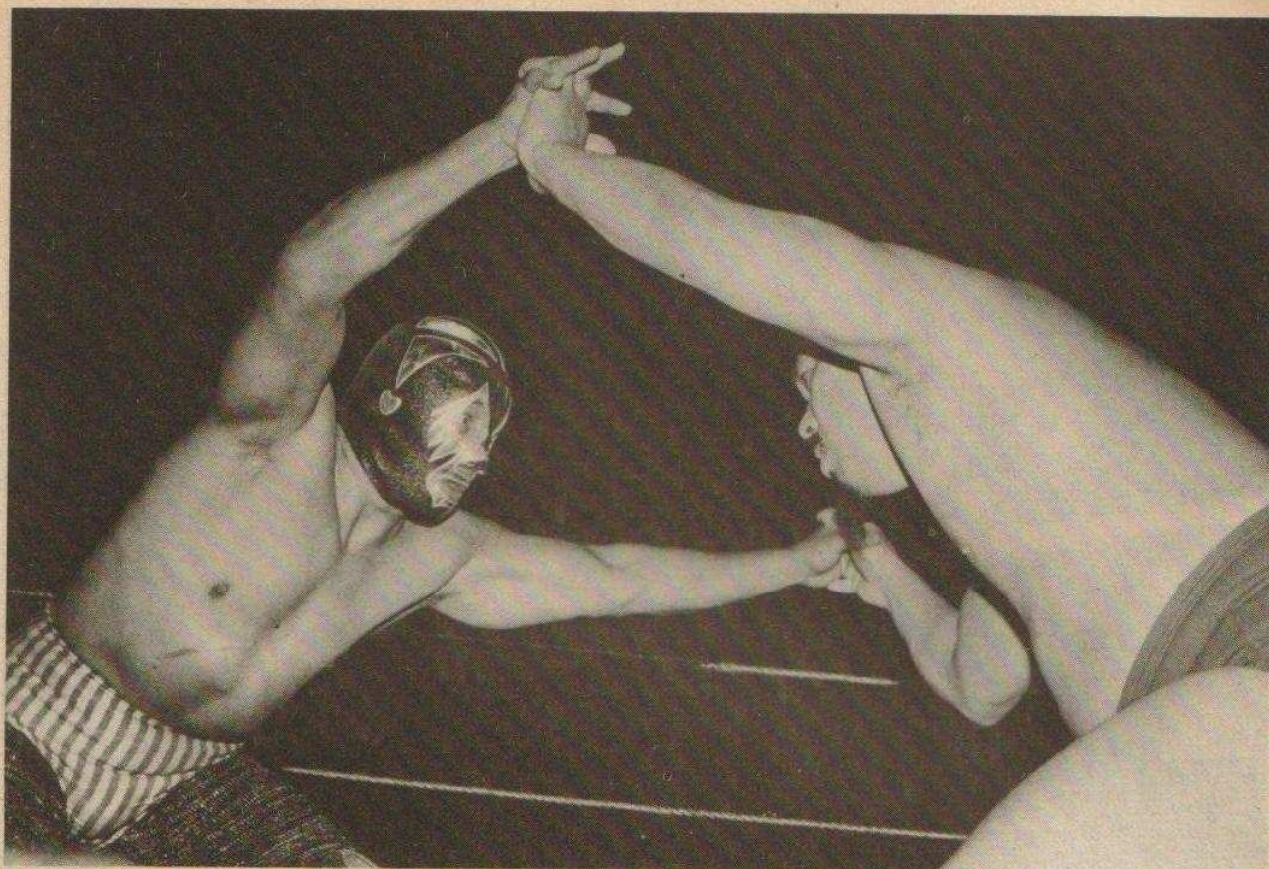
"Speaking of freaks," Mascaras continued, "those Moondogs of Lou Albano's take the cake. These creatures are like Khan, freaks of nature. Shouldn't even be allowed in the ring, much less out of their cages for any length of time.

"But just like I took care of Khan, demonstrated to him what decency and respect for wrestling are, I took care of The Moondogs, showed them how to behave. Whether they remember or not is another story, and maybe I should get the help of Sweet Brown Sugar, El Halcon and some other friends of mine, and set up an obedience school for these animals. Or maybe we should be merciful and just put them to sleep."

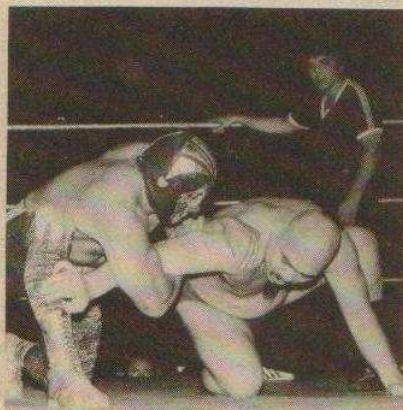
In any case, Mascaras feels that his talents can be put to better use elsewhere than the WWF. But where to go from here is also a problem.

Mascaras is forced to release Khan as the Killer makes his way to the ropes (above). Khan cannot escape Mascaras' brilliant legscissors flip (below). Mil feels his work in the WWF is through and he must move on.





Mascaras and Khan engage in a test of strength (above). Mascaras holds Khan in a figure-four armlock (below). How unfortunate that there can't be a dozen Mil Mascarases in wrestling.



"There are a number of choices for me," Mascaras explained. "There's a good chance that I'll be moving into NWA territory for a while. There's a lot of work to be done there, a lot of cleaning up to do. I'm not gonna say who I'm thinking of right now, but they know who they are, and they know that I'll be after them soon."

"I may also spend some time in Japan. The people over there are

great fans, they've always been kind to me. They appreciate scientific wrestling over there like no place else in the world. It's wonderful.

"There's also a chance I may go back to Mexico for a while," continued Mascaras, "and wrestle there for a short time. It's hard for me to really say, the options are so wide and there's important work to be done in a lot of places."

Mascaras is a globetrotter at heart, so whether he will go to Mexico, Japan, or NWA territory is impossible to predict.

"All I know for sure," the masked gentleman said, "is that my days in the WWF are over for now. I won't get a shot at Backlund, they haven't given it to me yet, and that's really the only reason I might have stayed at all. Maybe someday I'll return, and if Backlund is still at the top, I'll have my chance then."

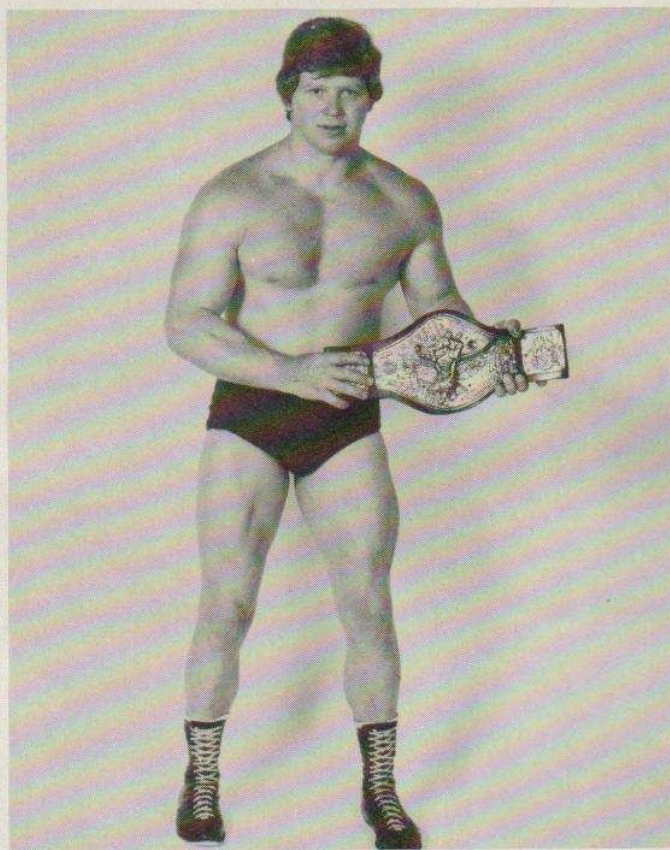
"I've done enough avenging here," Mascaras continued, "and there comes a time in every man's life when he must realize that his work in one place is over and done with and that it's time to continue on to other things. I hope my fans will understand why I am making this move and will continue to support me even though I'm not wrestling in the WWF anymore."

"Because when you get right down to it," concluded Mascaras, "it's the fans who really make wrestling what it is today. Wrestling fans are without a doubt the best fans in any sport anywhere in the world. I'm proud to be associated with them."

So like the western marshal, Mil Mascaras moves on, though not quite into the sunset. But whether it's the NWA, Japan or Mexico—we'll just have to wait and see. □

CLOSE - UP

BOB BACKLUND



HIS ROOKIE YEAR, 1974, proved to be very fruitful, running up an amazing streak of impressive victories against many ringwise veterans . . . One of his first honors was winning the tag team championship of Florida with his good friend, Steve Keirn . . . A very disciplined individual, he spends many hours daily training . . . A believer in clean living, Bob Backlund does not smoke or drink . . . Credits Verne Gagne, as having the style he wanted to pattern himself after . . . Won the World Wrestling Federation title from Superstar Graham

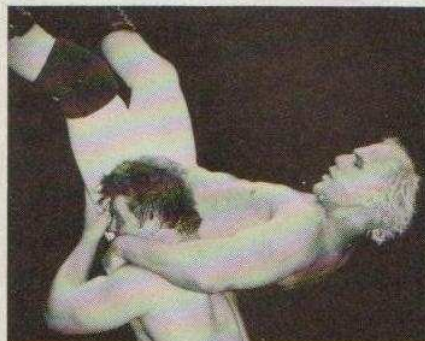
after struggling up the WWF contender ladder . . . Idolizes Bruno Sammartino . . . Managed by Bruno's manager, Arnold Skoaland . . . Feels that the WWF rulebreaking managers Fred Blassie, Grand Wizard, and Captain Lou Albano should have their licenses revoked . . . He has defended his WWF title in NWA and AWA areas as well as Japan, Australia, and Africa . . . Loves country and western music . . . A happy individual who admits he loves all his fans and wishes he knew each of them personally.

PRO Wrestling ILLUSTRATED

CLOSE - UP

FAVORITE HOLD

"There's no question, it's got to be the atomic spinecrusher. For my money, it's the most efficiently devastating and effective move in wrestling. I think the combination of aerial disorientation and sudden shock of impact is the most useful in the sport."



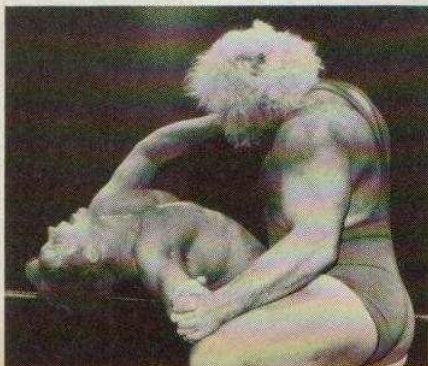
MOST HATED OPPONENT

"That's an easy one: Greg Valentine. That scum of an excuse for a man has the nerve to claim that he beat me and deserves the title. Well, if he ever had enough nerve to climb into the ring and wrestle in a fair match, I've sure never seen it. I can't stand him . . . someday I'll prove it to him in the ring."



GREATEST MATCH

"Probably the day I took the WWF title from Superstar Graham. It was my most glorious but . . . well, I guess it was my toughest. It was tough from the pressure I put on myself more than from any opposition Graham mustered. For the record, it took place on February 20, 1978 in Madison Square Garden."



TOUGHEST OPPONENT

"I would have to say Ken Patera. He's got skill, he's got strength, and he's got the ability to put them both together into an effective combination. When I step into the ring against Patera, I'm prepared for a good battle, a good test of my own strength and skills."

IT BEGAN INNOCENTLY enough as an editorial luncheon for some of the *Pro Wrestling Illustrated* staff. It soon deteriorated into a frantic melee of verbal abuse and ridicule, all because of the brewing feud between Tommy Rich and Ken Patera.

Managing Editor Bill Apter was telling everyone about his recent trip to Georgia.

"I saw the match where

The Experts Disagree

Patera took the state title away from Tommy Rich," said Apter. "If you ask me, Patera better watch himself, 'cause Rich will be on his case in no time."

There was a look of horror from the diners at the next table as Dan Shocket nearly gagged on his food.

"You've got to be joking, Bill," cried Shocket. "You mean you honestly think that Rich is going to regain the title?"

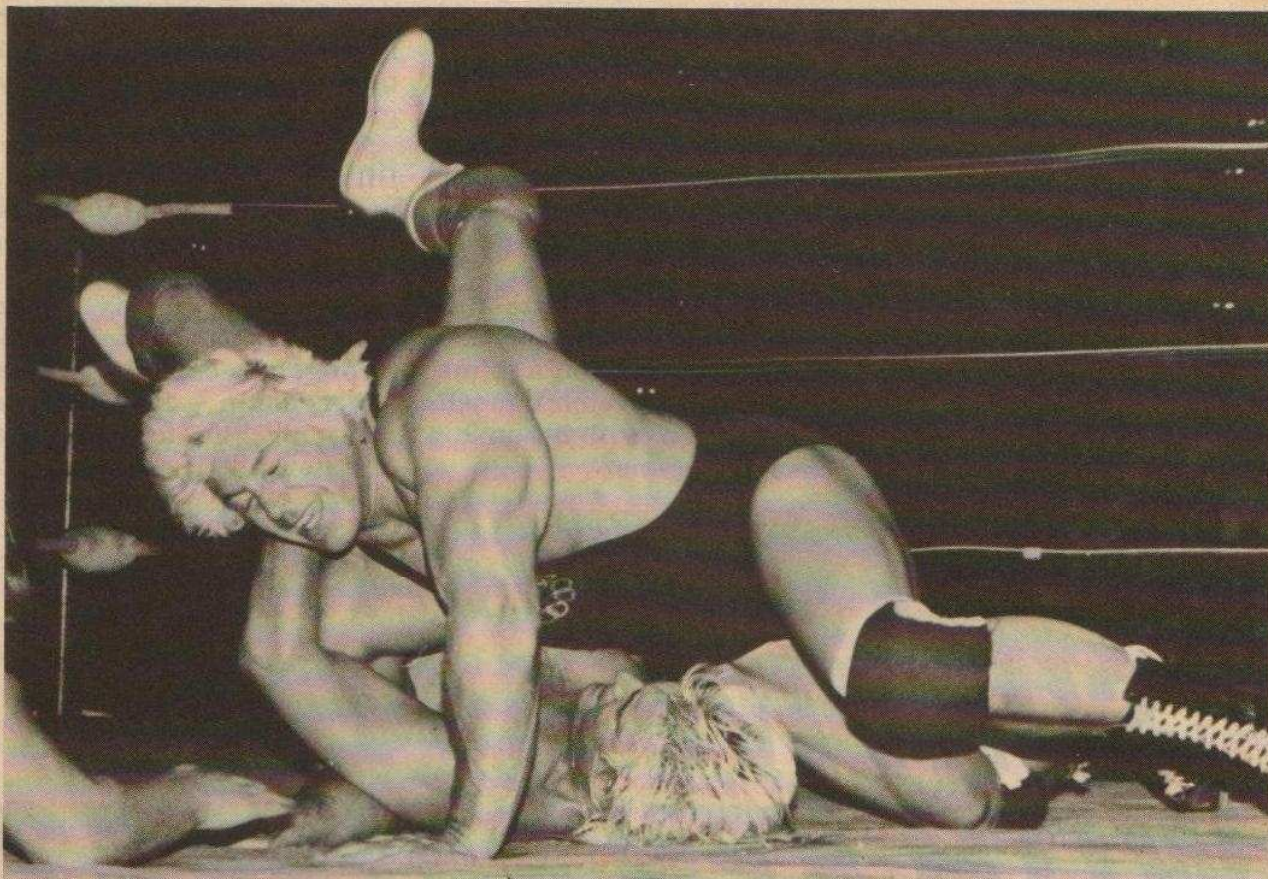
"Of course he is," Apter replied. "Look at the guy: he's strong, he's capable, he was NWA champ... it should be a snap for him to take care of Patera."

CAN TOMMY RICH SURVIVE A FEUD WITH KEN PATERA?



Ken Patera dethroned Tommy Rich from the Georgia state championship, sparking a feud which continues to grow in anger and intensity to this very day. Two of wrestling's finest journalists found themselves caught up in this brutal dispute, launching a feud of their own

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



As the Ken Patera-Tommy Rich feud builds to a crescendo, the disagreement is not confined to the ring combatants. Many people, PWI's Bill Apter and Dan Shocket included, are at odds as to who the eventual victor will be. Above, Rich pushes out of a Patera pin attempt.

Shocket made the mistake of having a mouth full of food again as Apter spoke. Fortunately the waitress knew the Heimlick maneuver for aiding a choking person. When he finally recovered, Shocket was still outraged.

"NWA champ?!?" he said, taking three or four hefty gulps out of the water glass, "now sure, I know you are joking. Rich is so feeble he couldn't even hold on to the NWA title for more than a few days! You expect him to be able to come back and reclaim a title he never should have held in the first place?"

"Listen, Shocket," said Apter firmly, emphasizing his words by stabbing the air directly in front of Dan's

nose with a French fry, "Tommy Rich is the single most skillful wrestler in the Georgia area. If anyone deserves any title, particularly the Georgia state title, it's Tommy Rich.

"Furthermore," Apter continued, "your boy Patera can't even win a match for himself unless he uses illegal maneuvers. I don't call that wrestling, I call that cowardice."

Editor-in-Chief Peter King interrupted the "discussion" in an attempt to bring order and sanity to the luncheon proceedings.

"Hold on, you two," he said, "let's try and clear things up a bit. Bill, you say that Tommy Rich will be able to handle a feud with Ken Patera?"

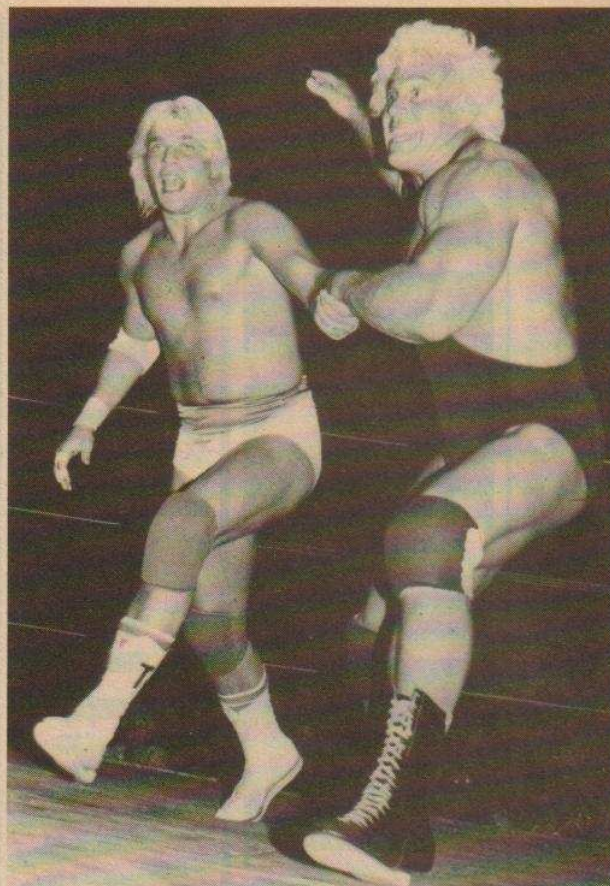
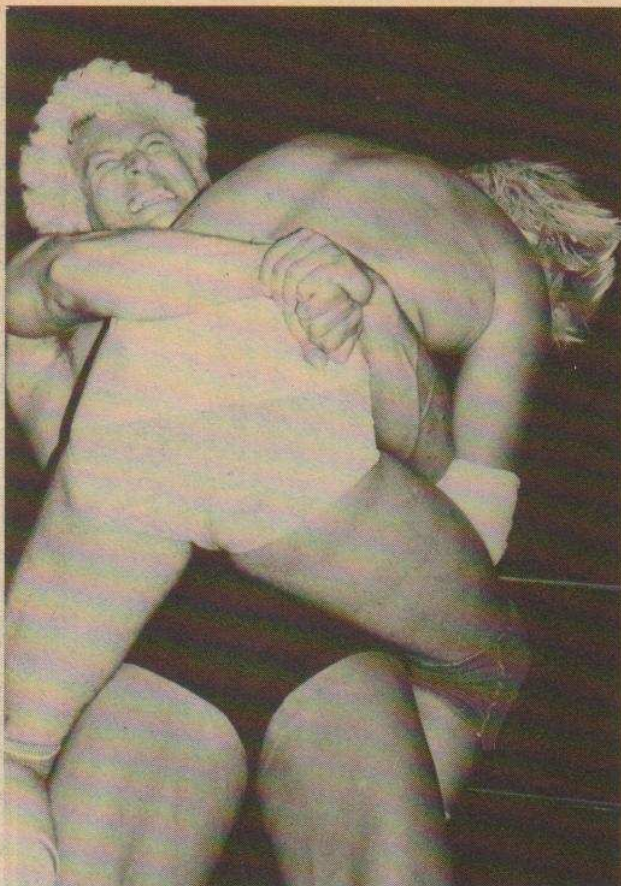
"Of course," replied Apter, "there's no question about it. Rich can..."

"All right, hold it there," King interrupted. "Shocket, you say that Patera will be able to take care of Rich?"

"Mincemeat, Chief, absolutely," said Dan.

"So let's look at these two guys logically," King said. "Patera's got power going for him, he's got the swinging neckbreaker, which is one of the most powerful moves in all of sport. On the other hand, Rich is a highly skilled..."

"Look, I don't really want to interrupt," interrupted Shocket with disgust in his voice, "but as far as I'm concerned, there isn't even any question here. We have no reason to discuss this



Patera, doubtlessly one of the strongest men in all of professional sport, squeezes the wind from Rich's lungs (above left). Remaining in complete control, Patera flings Tommy into the opposite turnbuckle (above right). Rich, ever resourceful, slips his hands inside Patera's and pries his way out of a bearhug (left).



point further. The answer has already been given: Ken Patera has the Georgia title, he took it from Tommy Rich, Rich has nothing. That's where things stand now. Patera has shown he's better than Rich, and I see no need for further discussion."

Apter came back with uncharacteristic anger and brutality lacing his voice.

"You sawed-off runt," he shouted, "you wouldn't know the difference between a wristlock and a wristwatch! Patera's winning of the title was a complete fluke, if I've ever seen one. It would be just like you to try and win a title on a fluke and then try to hold that up as a championship quality match."

"Be realistic," pleaded Shocket, "when will you wake up and realize that Rich could wrestle Jerry Lewis and still lose. He's a mess, and he doesn't even deserve to be considered along with great men like Ken Patera."

Not surprisingly, the argument was hardly resolved during lunchtime. In fact, it spread back to the office and continued intermittently throughout the afternoon.

So the experts continue to debate the outcome of a Tommy Rich/Ken Patera feud. The only way the argument can eventually be resolved, though, is in the ring. We'll just have to wait and see. □

★★★★★ WRESTLING ★★★★★ ENOQUIER ★★★★★ GORDY & SNUKA CAPTURE GEORGIA TAG BELTS ★★★★★

DiBiase & Steve O Vow Revenge

BY STEVE FARHOOD

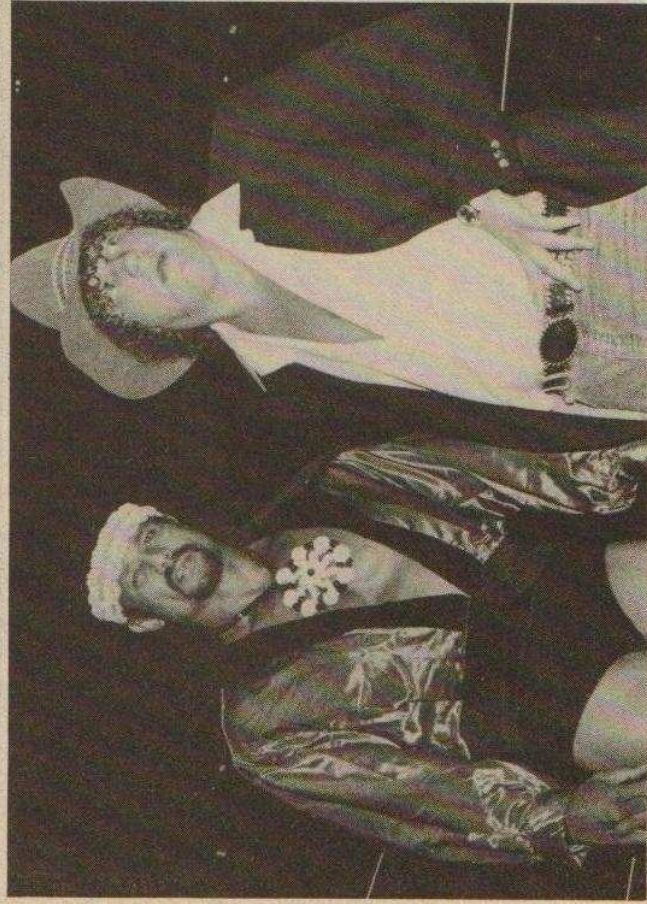
AUGUSTA, GA.—In a tremendous come from behind victory, former Freebird Terry Gordy and partner Jimmy Snuka dethroned Steve O and Ted DiBiase from the Georgia state tag team championship.

Amazing Victory

What had looked like a routine defense of the belts by Steve and Ted soon materialized into an upset success for the two challengers.

According to Gordy, he was very glad to see Steve O and DiBiase removed from the championship roster. "They don't deserve this title at all," he said. "We do."

DiBiase was a bit weary, but not at all discouraged following the match. "That fruitcake Gordy and his partner in slime Snuka... their days are numbered, you can count on that," he said. "Steve and I will return soon, stronger than ever, and we'll return those belts to their rightful owners—us."



UPSETTING UPSET: The Georgia tag team title, so recently held by the hated Freebirds, is once again held by hated rulebreakers. The combination of former Freebird Terry Gordy and Jimmy Snuka came from behind to defeat Steve O and Ted DiBiase.

Orndorff Upsets Roberts For North American Belt

BY STU SAKS

NEW ORLEANS, LA—Paul Orndorff defeated Jake Roberts here to capture the North American title.

"It's a tremendous honor," said Orndorff following his victory, "and I'm sure I can hold up to the rigors of this particular title. I look forward to the support of the fans in the future as well."

Sweet Brown Sugar Unmasks

BY PETER KING

WEST PALM BEACH, FL—In a challenge match with the Masked Assassin, Sweet Brown Sugar vowed to unmask himself, win or lose, following the match. When the bell sounded ending the bout, the crowd roared with enthusiasm and pleas of "don't unmask."

True to his vow, however, Sugar did remove his hood.

"I'm a man of honor," said Sweet, "and I always keep my word. My mask is effective in the ring, but I don't think it's necessary to build any barriers between myself and the fans."

The unmasked Sugar vows to continue his war against Florida rulebreakers.

Bockwinkel Braces For Texas Swing

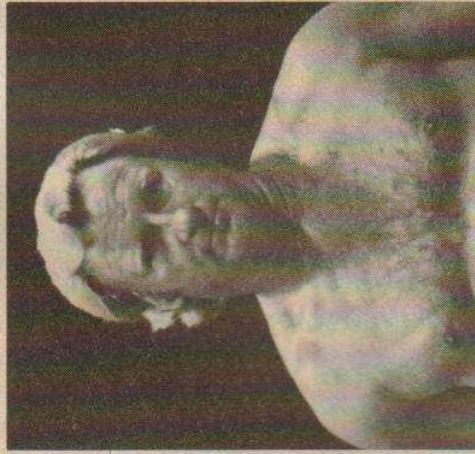
BY CRAIG PETERS

MINNEAPOLIS, MN—At his training center here in Minneapolis, Nick Bockwinkel is preparing for a one-man invasion of the Texas area, and a series of AWA title defenses.

"I'm ready," said Bockwinkel. "I'm all set for those nothings down there. Ivan Putski? HAH! You've got to be kidding. That guy couldn't get out of his own way if he had to."

"What other competition can they send up against me? Maybe Chavo Guerrero, but I should have no trouble taking care of him either."

"No, for me," concluded Bockwinkel, "this is going to be a pure pleasure trip. I look forward to making Texas mincemeat out of everyone I meet in the ring down there."



PREPARED: AWA champion Nick Bockwinkel announced that he is ready to put his belt on the line in Texas.

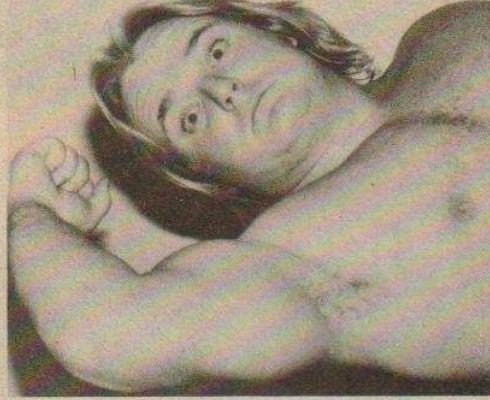
Greg Valentine Swears Destruction

BY BILL APTER

ALLENTOWN, PA—At a press conference here today, Greg Valentine swore that he'd break one or both of Bob Backlund's legs.

"That baby-faced wimp doesn't deserve the title any more than my grandmother does," cried Valentine. "When I get through with him, he won't be able to stand up, much less be able to wrestle."

"Backlund's through," vowed Valentine, "and the sooner he realizes it, the sooner he's gonna be able to live with the fact that he won't have the title very much longer, either."



THE PITTS: Greg Valentine swears he will break one or both of Bob Backlund's legs.

AROUND THE GLOBE

TAMPA, FL

Jerry Lawler is enlisting the aid of every scientific wrestler to help him do battle against Dory Funk Jr. and Terry Funk. "If we all stick together, we'll run 'em out of this state," Lawler says. Terry Funk, who calls Lawler "The QUEEN of Memphis," says Jerry's boasts are to be short lived as he and Dory are busy planning his destruction.

ATLANTA, GA

Mr. Wrestling II is headed back this way after a lengthy stay in the Mid-Atlantic region. The masked man has made it clear that he wants to find a good tag team partner and go after the new Georgia tag team kings, Terry Gordy and "Jungle Boy" Jimmy Snuka.

PHILADELPHIA, PA

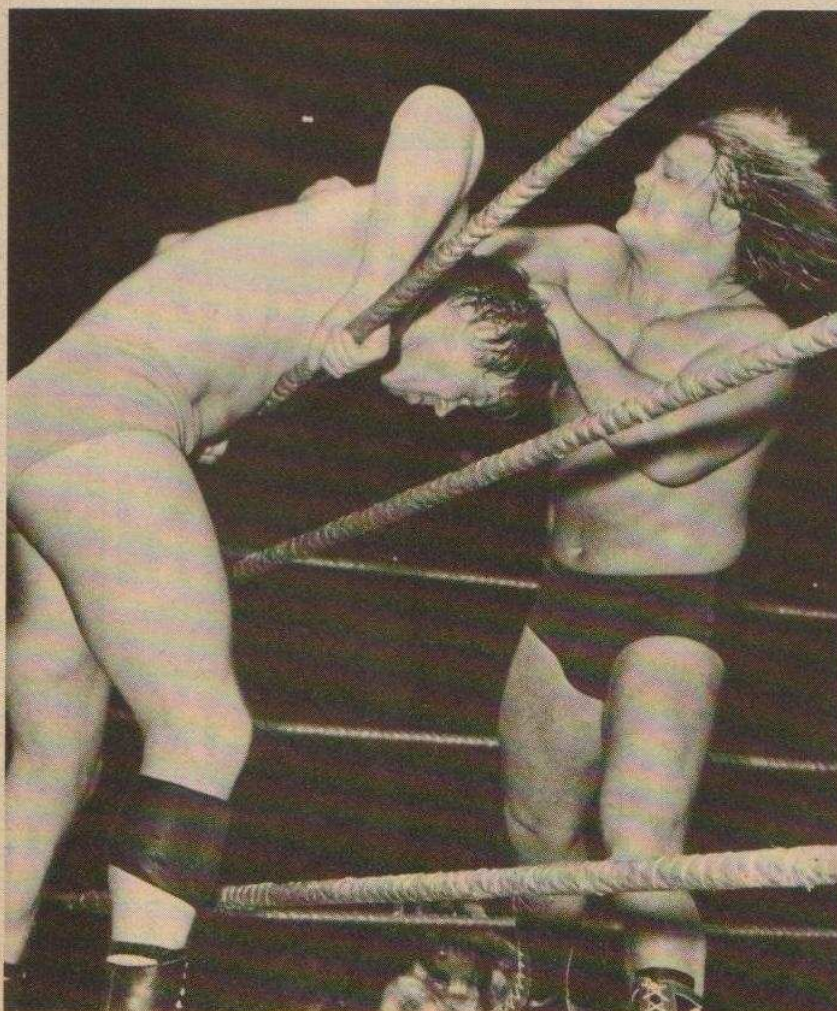
Rumors say that Mr. Fuji is headed back to the WWF and he is bringing Masa Saito as his tag team partner. This duo, along with Captain Lou Albano's Moondogs, have scientific wrestlers in the WWF in a frenzy. "They're trying to destroy us all!" Dominic DeNucci says.

JACKSON, MS

Happiness abounds as Dick Murdoch and Junkyard Dog are once again the Mid-South tag team champions after defeating The Samoans. Now Frank Dusek, manager of Super Destroyer and Masked Grappler, has put in a bid for a no-holds-barred fight to the finish against Dick and Dog—winner takes the belts and \$10,000. Dog and Dick say, "Bring 'em on!"

LOOKING AT...

Matt Brock:



Valentine chokes Bob Backlund across the top strand.

WHEN I WAS a kid, I remember very clearly something that a classmate of mine used to do all the time. He would sit on the ground in the schoolyard right next to an ant hill on sunny days. Then he'd take a magnifying glass out of his pocket, focus it on the opening in the hill, and watch the little buggers fizzle into oblivion when they tried to get out.

If I didn't have nearly three dozen years on him, I'd swear Greg Valentine was that kid.

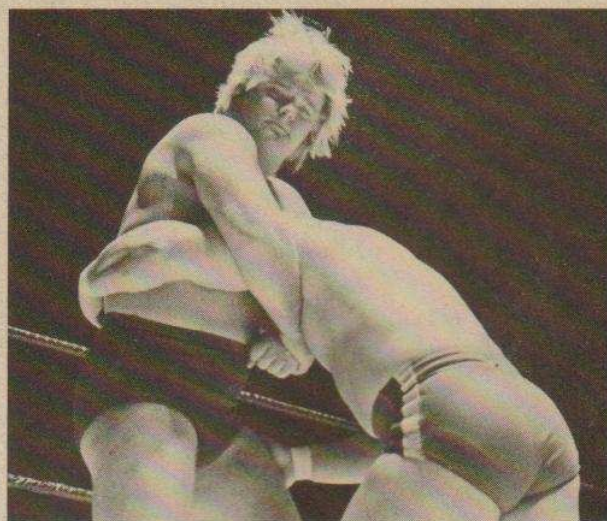
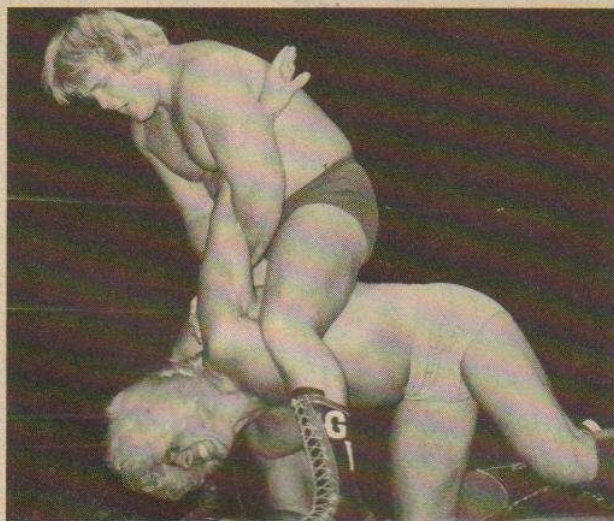
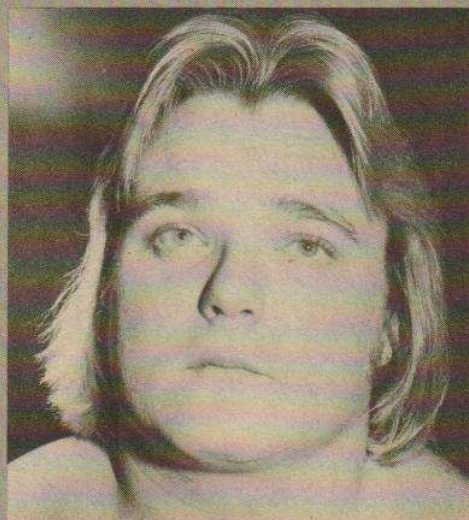
I'll tell you right now, one of the most disgusting things in the world is wasted potential. Greg Valentine is the epitome of wasted potential.

Let's look at the facts: he's strong, he's dedicated, he's talented (when pressed, even Ric Flair will admit that). Before I start sounding like Dan Shocket, let's look at the rest of the facts.

Okay, he's strong. But he uses that strength to maim people. Can you get any more wasteful than that?

Dedication? All right, but what he's dedicated to is breaking legs. Chief Jay Strongbow is

GREG VALENTINE



Valentine shows his knowledge of wrestling holds in matches against Ric Flair (above left) and Dino Bravo (above right). He prefers a more aggressive approach.

among the many who found out the hard way.

Talent is also a part of the Valentine arsenal, but it's a talent for breeding fear and disgust, not healthy competition or sportsmanship.

Now don't get me wrong, folks. Matt's been around the block a few times and realizes that a certain amount of viciousness is needed in every wrestler. But let's be serious for a minute: Valentine is simply too extreme.

Speaking of extreme, did you know that Grand Wizard, Valentine's manager and

snappy dresser for all time, has cemented a six-figure pact with the blond maniac? Think of it, six figures! I doubt if Wizard even has a plan up his sleeve, it's too chock full of hundred dollar bills and marked aces.

If he does have a plan, and if it does involve Greg Valentine, you can bet next month's rent money on the fact that the object of whatever scheme Wizard is brewing is Bob Backlund.

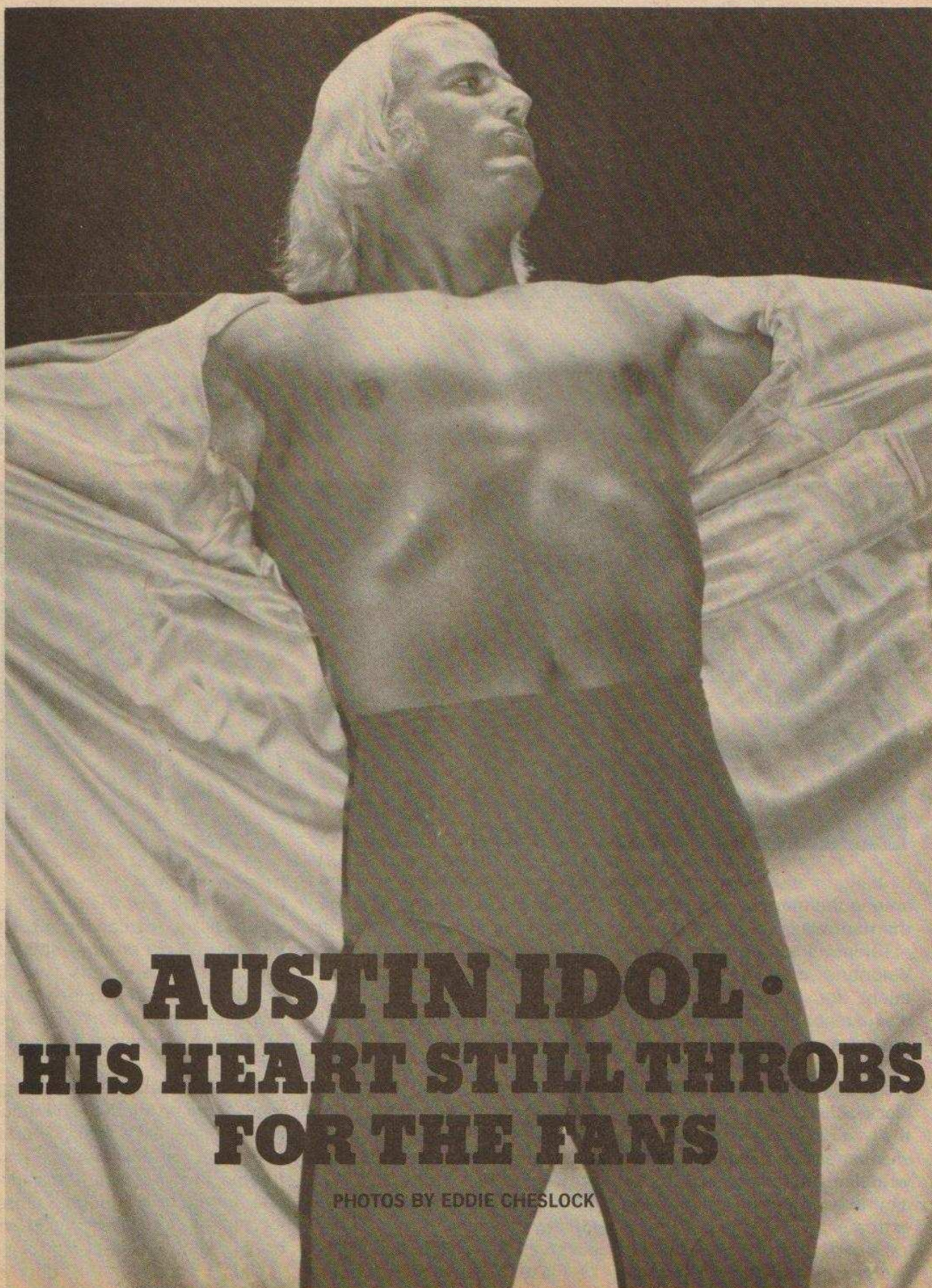
Valentine claims that he has already defeated Backlund and deserves the WWF title, a claim he makes to anybody willing to listen, or unfortunate enough to

be in the room at the time.

As far as I'm concerned, let Valentine have another shot at Backlund. Then let's watch Backlund give Greg a piece of his own business. Let's also be sure we have a competent referee in the ring.

Sorry if I sound as if I'm getting too worked up about this lunatic. Frankly, he isn't really worth one-tenth of the thought and trouble I've given him already. The bottom line, though, is that any talent Greg has is eclipsed by his reprehensible personality.

Like I said at the outset: wasted potential disgusts me. □



• **AUSTIN IDOL** •
**HIS HEART STILL THROBS
FOR THE FANS**

PHOTOS BY EDDIE CHESLOCK

Fresh from a grueling tour of the Orient, Austin Idol has returned to the United States and the bitter discovery that wrestling fans here may not support him any more. How long can a man who thrives on fan adoration survive when that worship is withdrawn?

AS DEWEY ROBERTSON was slammed to the mat by Austin Idol here in Richmond, Virginia, you could hear him moan from the impact of the throw. You could also hear the fans moan along with him, sending some Bronx cheers to Idol in the bargain.

For the man who calls himself "The Universal Heartthrob," it's been hard times lately in the Mid-Atlantic. It's a drastic change from what Idol has been used to in the past, and he doesn't like it one bit.

"I just came back from a tour of Japan," Idol said following his match in Richmond, "and the fans over there really know how to treat a guy. Man, they cheer, they scream, they yell. They understand what it means to be the Universal Heartthrob, and they appreciate me.

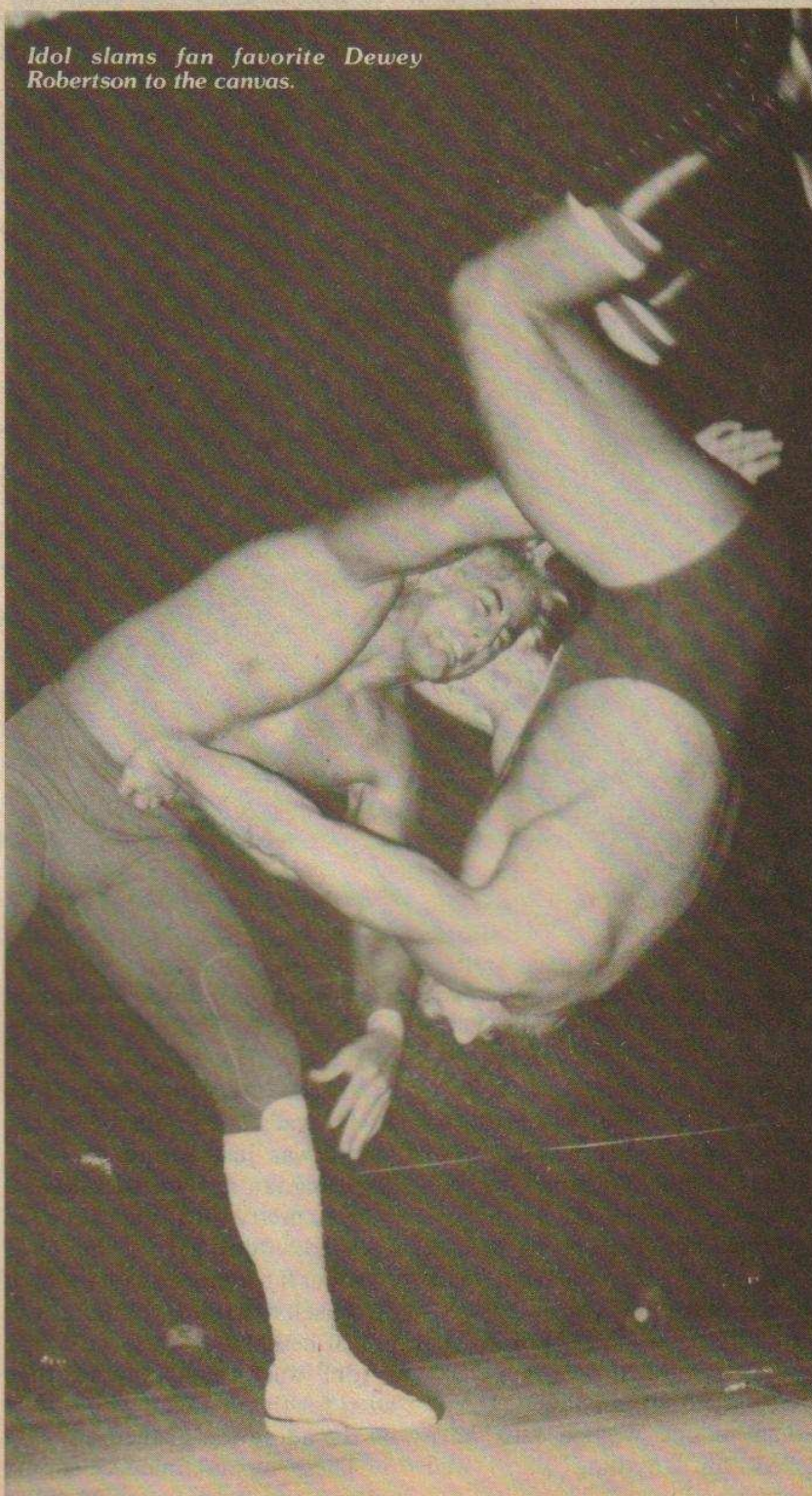
"Back here in the States, though, I don't know what's gotten into some of these people. Okay, I've been away for a little while, but I come back and these people are cheering for idiots like Ric Flair and Rick Steamboat. It doesn't make any sense to me."

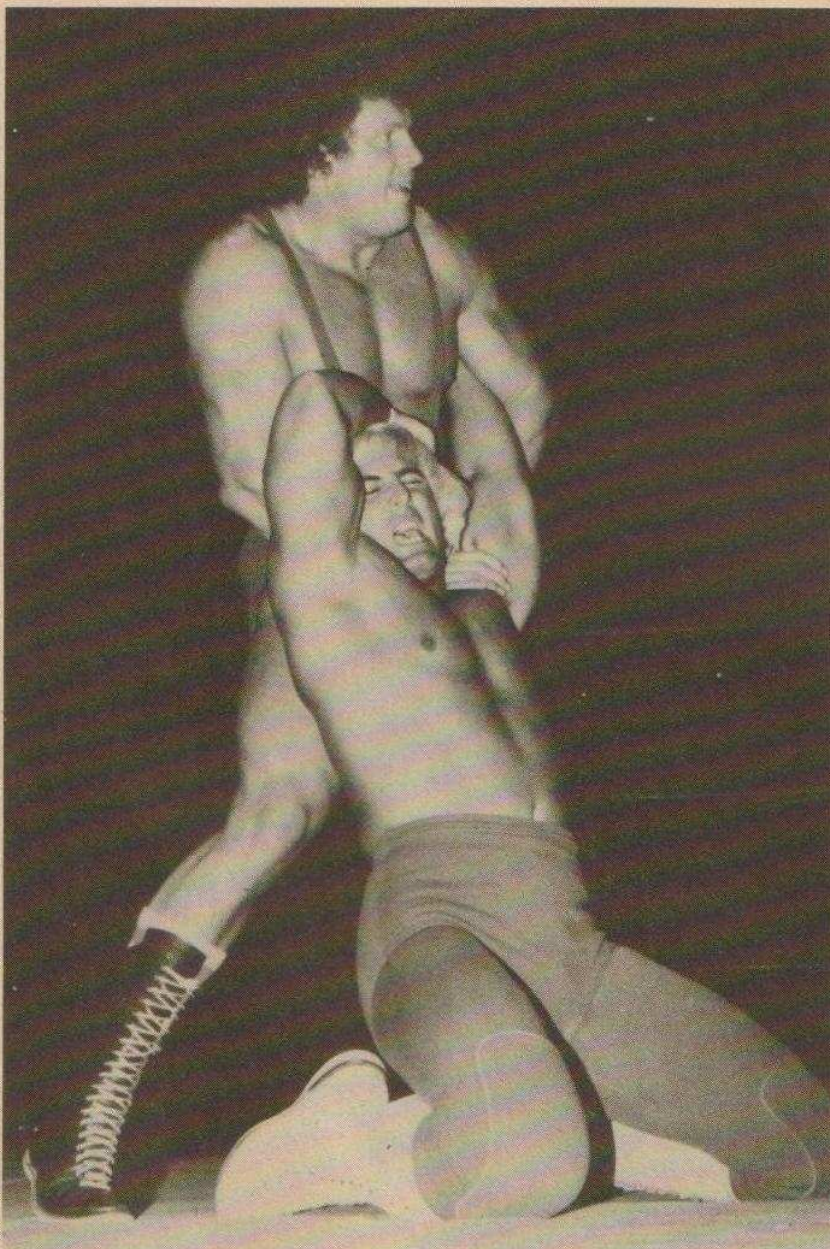
As Idol stepped into the next room to shower and get dressed for the evening, one of his associates had a few things to say about his employer.

"He really loves these Mid-Atlantic fans," the man said, preferring not to have his name revealed, "and especially the Georgia people. But how would you feel if you spent time in Japan where the fans love you, then returned home and there was nothing but hostility all over the place? It's tough."

Idol returned from his shower, ready to spend the rest of the night

Idol slams fan favorite Dewey Robertson to the canvas.





There was a time when the cheers of the fans would help Austin Idol escape such a predicament. Austin Idol loves the fans and can't understand why that love is no longer returned.

out on the town.

Walking the streets of downtown Richmond, Idol reflected once again on his situation.

"You know, it used to be that some these fans around here, they'd come up to you and ask for autographs, they'd ask for free tickets to the matches, they'd ask for just about anything. HAH! Some of the women fans *have* asked for anything . . . and everything."

As Idol turned a corner in Richmond's theater district, a late movie was just letting out. One wrestling fan recognized Idol.

"Hey pretty-boy," the young fan hollered, "go get a haircut!" Another fan joined in with the first: "Go back to Japan, you bum! Get out of here!"

Idol was more annoyed than hurt, for this is a man who thrives on the adoration of the fans.

"These mental midgets should smarten up," Idol snarled. "But

then again, most of them wouldn't know a wrestler from a rodeo rider if their lives depended on it.

"You know, these people down here, they cheer for people like Rick Steamboat. Now come on, Steamboat? He went to Japan, supposedly to study some sort of Oriental meditation stuff. Comes back here, the fans fall all over him.

"Same crap with Flair," growled Idol, "he's like a great hero to these zombies. Boy, if they'd only open their stupid eyes, these fans, they'd understand who the true king of Mid-Atlantic wrestling is. They'd realize that I am the one that all the women would die for, I am the one that all the men cower before, I am the Heartthrob for all time!"

Walking down the street, Idol's voice was reaching almost screaming level. Another wrestling fan heard him and called from the other side of the street: "Heartthrob? You pansy, it's more like *heartburn*?"

Idol cursed under his breath. "Someday these fans will wise up. They think that just because you're a little more aggressive in the ring, just because you're going up against new opponents, that you're all of a sudden worthless.

"Well let me tell all the fans who might be reading this magazine right now, it's those of you who don't support me that are the worthless ones! Do you think I'm any different than the person you loved and adored before I went to Japan? Of course not!

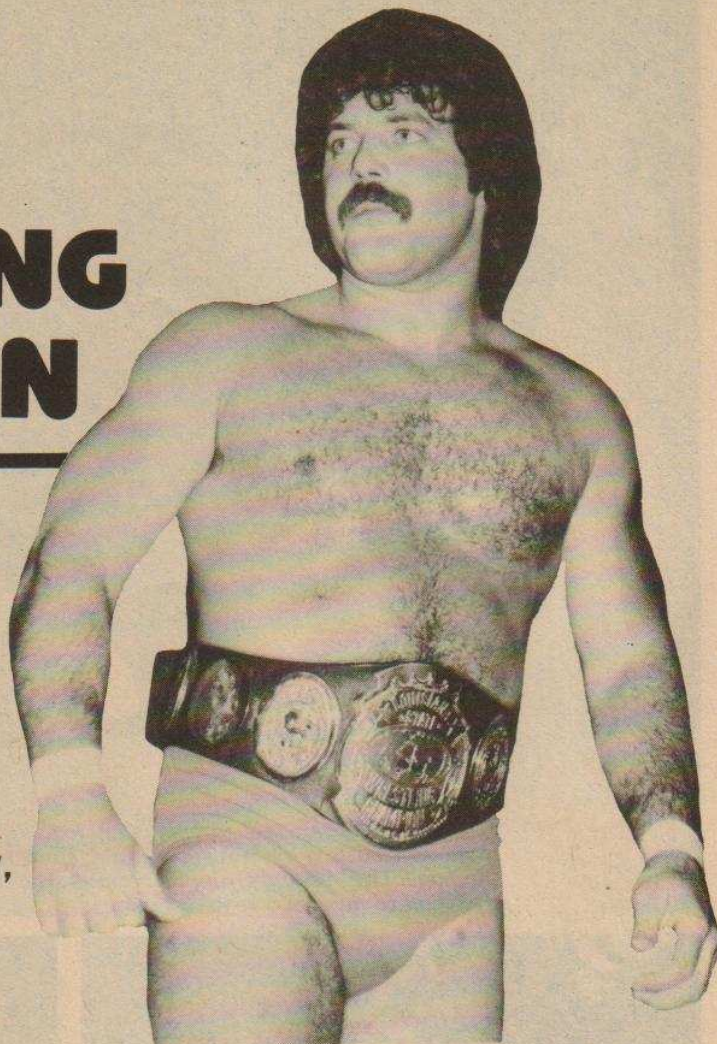
"Soon you fools will wake up, you'll wipe the grime of dolts like Steamboat and Flair out of your eyes, and you'll come back where you belong, back to the man who will soon rule the entire Mid-Atlantic area, the Universal Heartthrob—me, Austin Idol!"

Idol kicked an empty beer can into the street, once again cursed the fans who refused to support him, and vowed to fulfill the expectations of those who do. □

HOW THE FANS ARE DESTROYING JIM GARVIN

The fans in Louisiana seem to be turning on Jim Garvin as they demand he tackle the most ruthless men in wrestling. By demanding these matches, are they also demanding Garvin's eventual destruction? Most importantly, how long can Garvin survive this torture?

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



SADISTIC. BLOODTHIRSTY. MERCILESS: No, these are not words describing a vicious rulebreaker just imported from the wilds of Borneo.

They're not adjectives used to describe a fiery feud between Killer Khan and anyone else . . . though they'd work in that case, as well.

No, surprisingly enough these words are being used to describe wrestling fans in Louisiana. In particular, they refer to the fans' current attitudes towards Jim Garvin.

"It's absolutely disgusting," said local wrestling analyst Fairfield Bohica. "It's as if the fans here in Louisiana are on a

bloodthirsty rampage. They love Garvin, he's one of the most popular wrestlers here. But you wouldn't believe the kinds of opponents the fans scream for: Ernie Ladd, Super Destroyer, and the Masked Grappler! I don't know how long Garvin can hold on!"

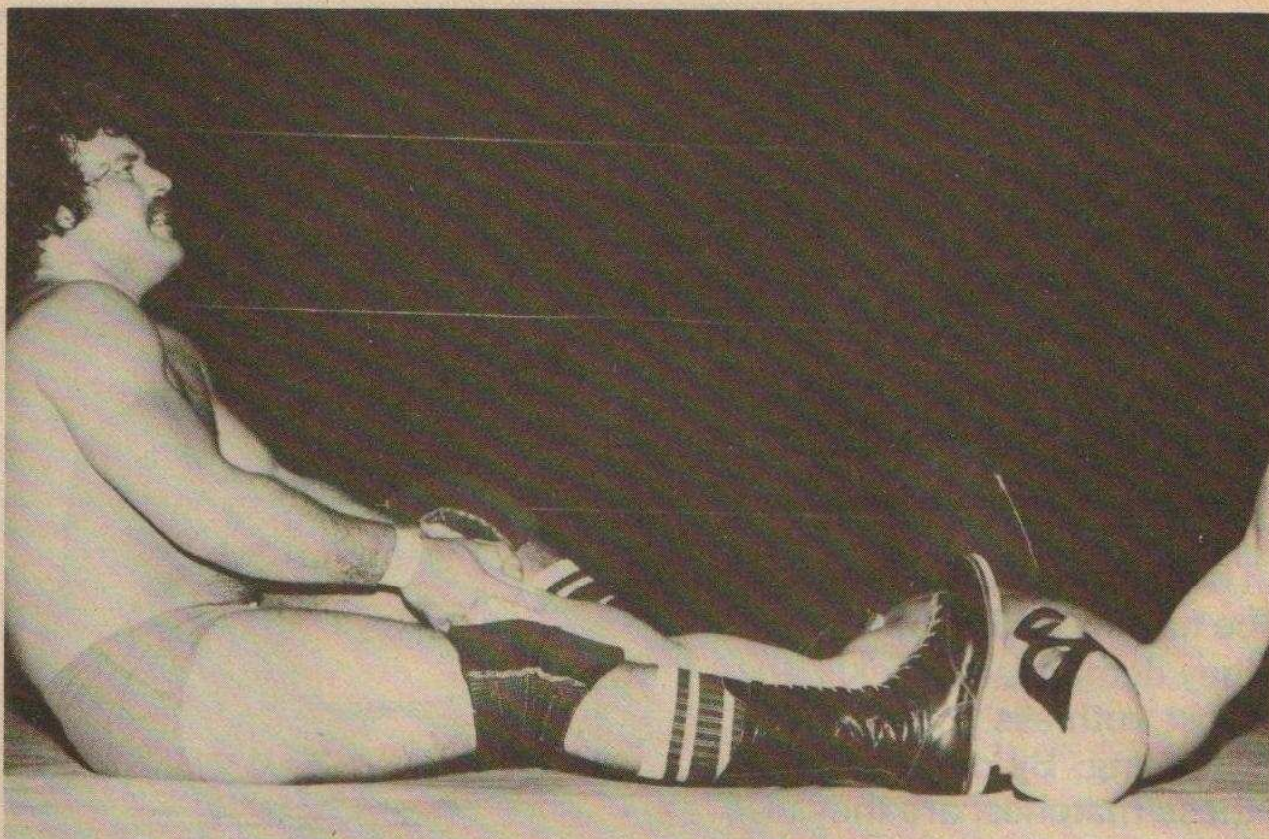
Bohica's attitude seems to be common in these parts lately. Fans and professionals alike are beginning to wonder whether or not Garvin can withstand the continuing barrage of inordinately sadistic wrestlers.

Furthermore, observers like Bohica continue to write damning accusations against the fans in local wrestling journals

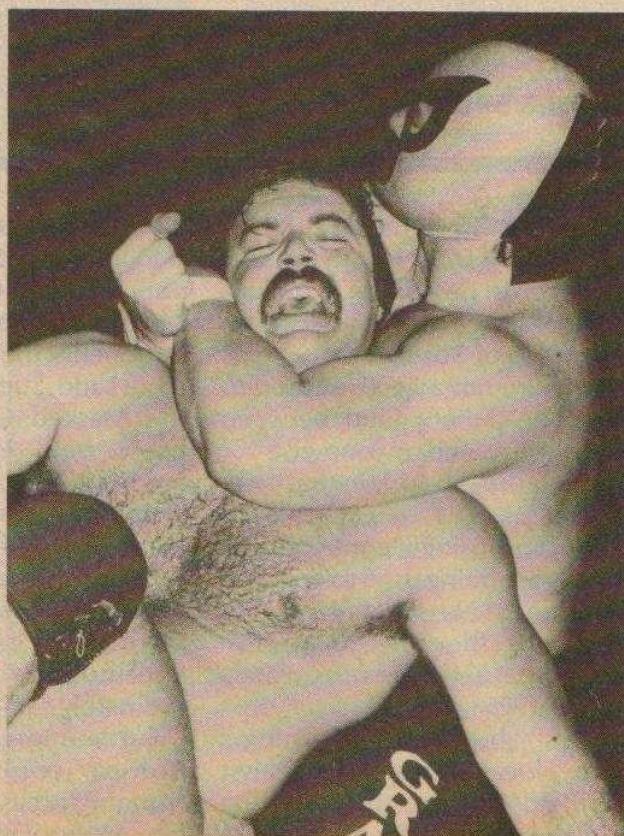
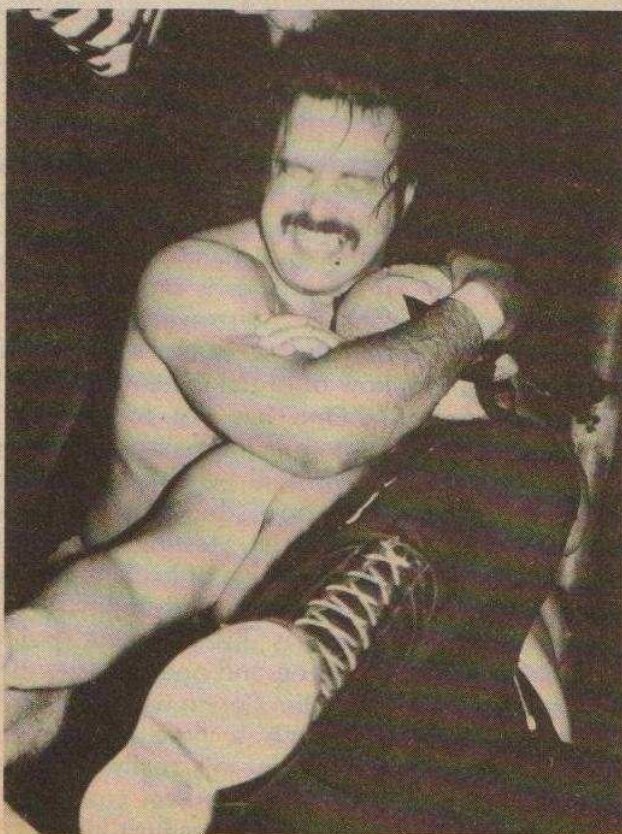
and even in the sports pages of some local dailies. The crux of these articles is simply that the fans are destroying Garvin by demanding such a relentless flow of brutal matches for him.

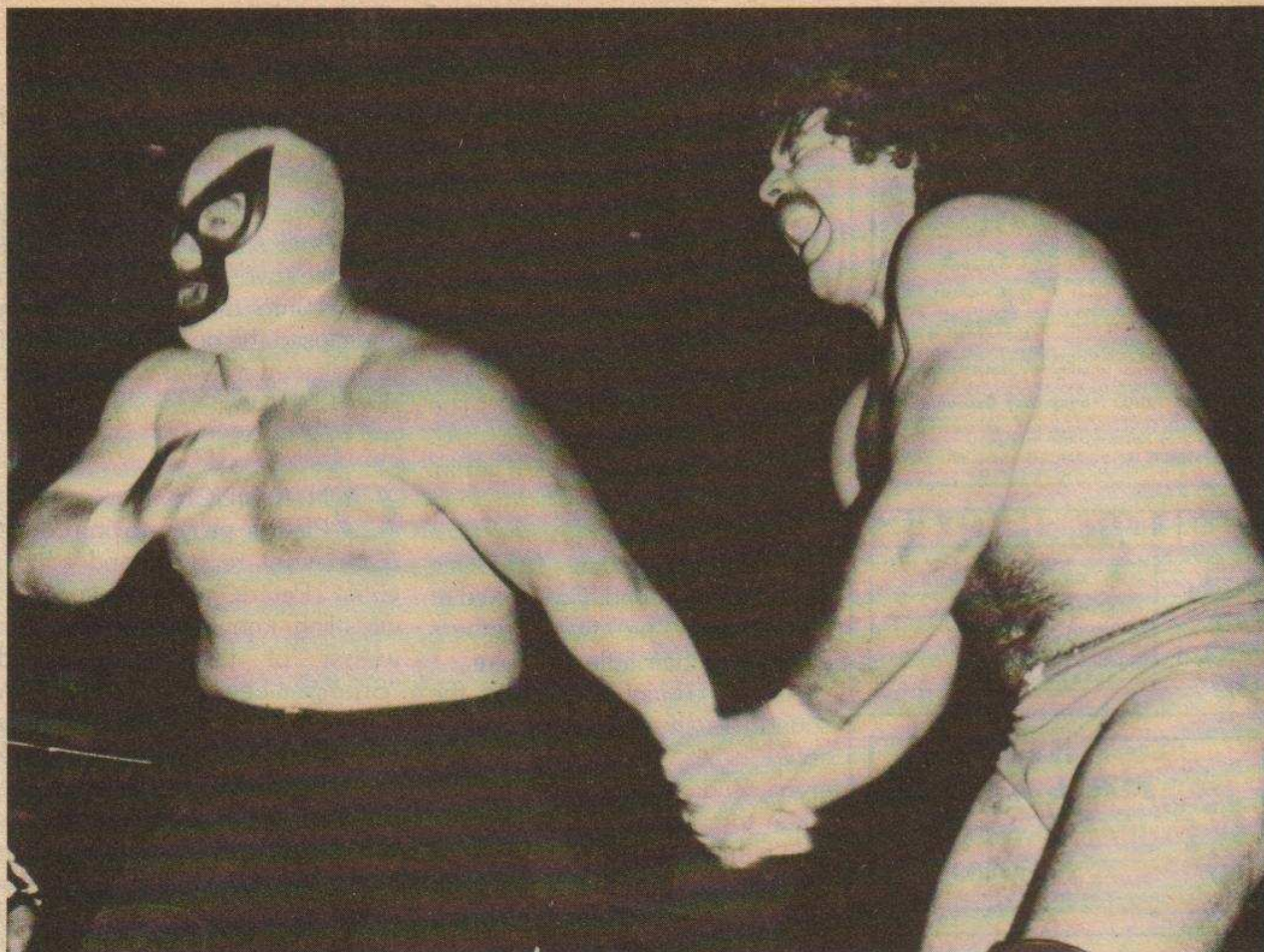
"One has got to wonder," wrote one journalist, "how long Garvin will be able to survive. Until now, the man has done quite well, testing both the mercilessness of his fans and his own stamina and ability. Every man has his breaking point, however, and one must wonder when Jim Garvin will reach his."

Though a little weary, Jim Garvin doesn't really seem to mind all this power and cruelty being sent up against him.



The fans may not realize what they are doing, but by asking Jim Garvin to maintain such a rigorous schedule, they may be doing his career severe damage. The Masked Grappler is among the many vicious rulebreakers Garvin has had to face on a regular basis.





"Sure, it's demanding as all hell," explained Garvin. "I mean, you step into the ring with Ladd or Super Destroyer and see how you feel at the end of it. It's like going two out of three falls with a steamroller.

"The best thing about it, though, is that I'm doing it. I'm surviving, and even better than that, I'm looking good in the ring against these goons. If you saw me against Masked Grappler, you'd know what I'm talking about."

The match between Garvin and the Grappler was brutal, alright. Garvin was pushed to the physical limit by Masked Grappler as the two men demonstrated a stunning series of near-crippling maneuvers and exhausting blows to the assembled onlookers.

The crucial test of Garvin came when the Grappler applied

several deadly blows with his boot, a boot which many observers agree is loaded with some sort of foreign material, perhaps lead. This has never been substantiated, however, and general speculation continues.

"If you ask me, there's steel or iron in that boot," said Garvin, "but it's sure not lead. Lead is too soft, and that kick of Grappler's is hellishly tough. If there's nothing in that boot, Grappler ought to get out of wrestling and become a placekicker for the Saints."

Jim Garvin is certainly not ready to get out of wrestling at all, no matter who the fans demand he meet in the ring.

"I'm ready to take on any and all comers," he said. "Send me the best men you've got, send me the most sadistic, brutal wrestlers in creation. I'll take

them all on, just like I took on Ladd, Destroyer, and Grappler.

"The fans may be blood-thirsty," Garvin continued, "but if they see any blood in the ring, it sure won't be mine. After all is said and done, I think the fans are really just trying to test me, to see how tough I am, to see how much punishment I can actually take. That's why they keep sending me up against these maniacs. It's the only logical explanation."

Logical? Perhaps. One thing is for sure, though: the course traveled by Garvin of late is riddled with obstacles that are painfully difficult to overcome.

Like they're writing in Louisiana: one has simply got to wonder whether Garvin will soon reach his breaking point. The fans may be destroying him, but Garvin is not going to give in that easily. That's for certain. □

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KING'S COURT

(Continued from Page 6)

and I have discovered if ya cripple 'em a little, why, they sorta get discouraged and don't come back and bother us ever again."

When I pointed out that the match against Glimpshier and his equally inexperienced partner was a non-title, tune-up bout, Ole Anderson became enraged. "They signed to wrestle us, sport," he thundered. "They ain't stupid. They knew what they were gettin' in to."

"Hey, we're just two rambunctious, tough, fun-loving guys," Gene added. Ole looked at Gene, and the two brothers laughed at their little "in" joke.

As they continued laughing, the sound of an ambulance's siren could be heard arriving at the arena. Buddy Glimshier was being taken to a local hospital. Doctors didn't know whether they would be able to save the youngster's pitifully mangled arm. It was certain he would never wrestle again.

The Anderson brothers stood

up and cupped their hands around their ears as the sound of the siren grew louder. "C'mon, brother," said Gene. "It looks like they're playin' our song again."

These two vile human beings walked into their dressing room and closed the door. The sound of their laughter filled the corridor like poison gas.

ON A MUCH happier note, PWI is proud to introduce our newest reporter and editor, Craig Peters. As everyone in wrestling knows, Craig was the winner of the highly prized "Strangler Lewis Scholarship," an exceptional honor bestowed only once every four years. (By the way, the previous winner of the Strangler Lewis Scholarship was Stu Saks, who is the Associate Editor of PWI). Craig's addition to PWI's already legendary staff will help ensure that this magazine remains the finest sports publication in the world. □



The honor of wearing championship belts means nothing to the Andersons. What brings them joy is the screams of their opponents and the screams of ambulance sirens carrying their opponents away.

ON ASSIGNMENT

(Continued from Page 12)



the cards, and proceeded to begin dealing the next hand.

"What are you doing, we had 18!" Steve screamed. The dealer insisted he had counted correctly and that his total beat ours. A brief argument began. The pit boss came over and defended the dealer. Steve was furious (not to mention broke). He got up and threw a roundhouse right at the dealer that would've made Dusty Rhodes proud. The punch clipped the dealer on the chin. Two minutes later, Steve and I were in a police van, on our way to the police station.

While Steve was eating bread and drinking water (I wired the office for the money to cover bail, but nobody believed the story until Matt Brock agreed to help us), I went back to the hotel, picked up my camera, and changed into my gym shorts. It was almost time for the softball game. All I could think about was that poor kid in the Baltimore hospital. Steve wasn't going to hit any homeruns from

Monsoon, recently retired as an active wrestler, discusses strategy with Reggie Wilkes and Tug McGraw.

where he was sitting.

The softball game was great. Monsoon ran a fantastic show, and all the money, as usual, went to charity. McGraw, Wilkes, and the rest of the celebrities left the fans with smiles on their faces. I was proud to be a part of it all.

"Where's Steve?" Monsoon asked me after I singled to lead off the second inning. "He told me he'd be here."

"You wouldn't believe it if I told you," I said.

Steve was out of jail that night. I was really in the mood for a quiet dinner, some dry wine, maybe a slow walk along the boardwalk.

"C'mon," Steve said, finishing his lobster tails in a hurry. "We have to go to the casino. I feel really lucky tonight."

I followed along. Somehow I knew I couldn't leave him alone. What would he do for bus fare home?

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IN FOCUS

(Continued from Page 18)

TURNABOUT

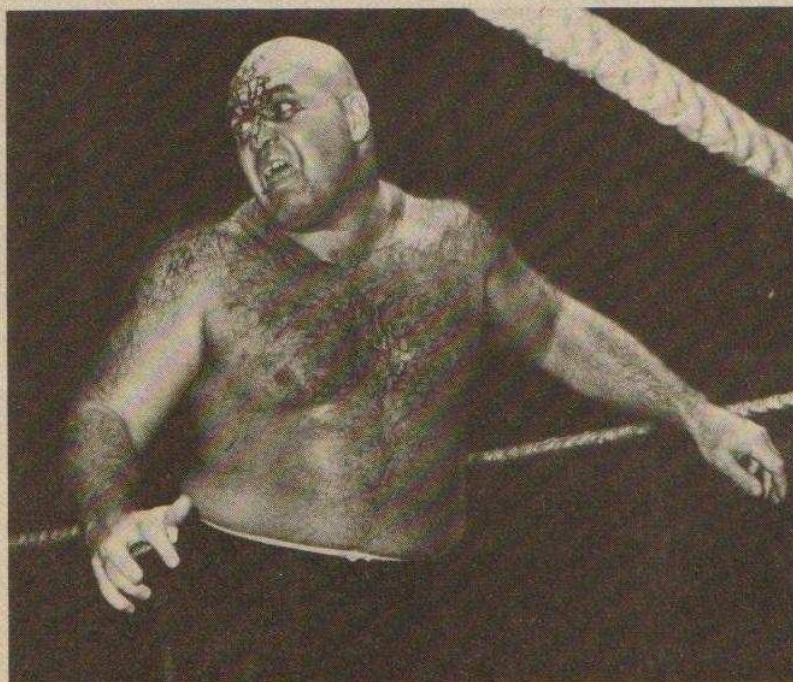
I remember Buzz Sawyer from some years back: he was a fine man, a good wrestler, and a fan favorite. For reasons he kept to himself, he went into seclusion. Now those reasons become clear as Sawyer re-emerges as a dangerous threat to Florida area wrestling, and

certainly a major disappointment to most fans there. Some of Sawyer's old friends are now his major opposition: Sweet Brown Sugar and Steve Keirn are two examples. Hopefully they'll be able to show Buzz the error of his ways before things get too much out of hand in the Sunshine State.

SOMETHING IN THE AIR

According to broadcasting friends of mine, there are some major problems developing regarding on air interviews during televised wrestling matches. In particular, these problems have to do with George "The Animal" Steele. It seems as if Steele has the unnerving habit of staring and drooling into the camera while he searches for appropriate words from his limited vocabulary to answer the announcer's question. Not only are the cameramen disturbed

by this, but the director and producer of these interviews are getting frustrated. It appears that certain unnamed advertisers are considering withdrawal of their sponsorship if Steele is not prevented from, in their words, "wasting valuable commercial air time." According to one broadcasting official, however, "Steele deserves to have his views heard no matter how long it takes. There are plenty of other sponsors around." Bravo for the station: let the advertisers go elsewhere.



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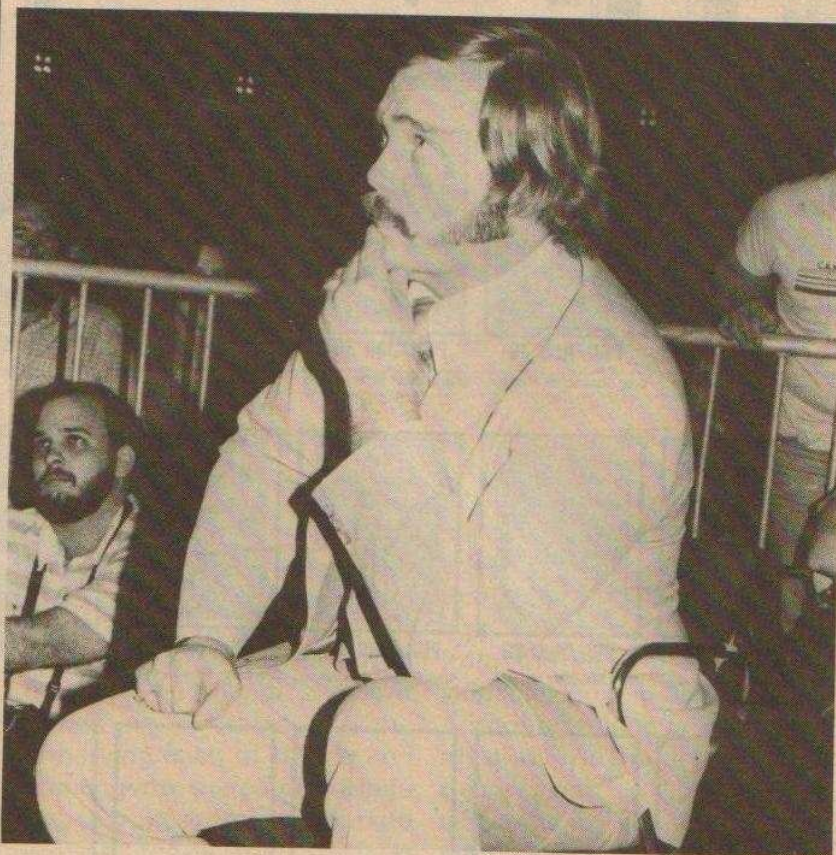
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RINGSIDE

(Continued from Page 8)



more," Brisco says. "It's a waste of time. All he wants to do is maim his opponents. Years ago I used to credit Dory with being a fine, talented wrestler. I can't say that now. He's just a vicious brawler, and I'm gonna hand his head to him!"

George Wells, who left the Mid-Atlantic region some time ago, is now teaming with rookie Bruce Reed in Atlanta... Magnificent Muraco says he has done the WWF fans a favor by beating Pedro Morales for the Intercontinental belt. "Now maybe he will leave the area and his stench will no longer keep the fans away"... "Luscious" Johnny Valiant has accepted some matches in Pennsylvania. Brother Jim is in the Carolinas, while Jerry is touring the Midwest.

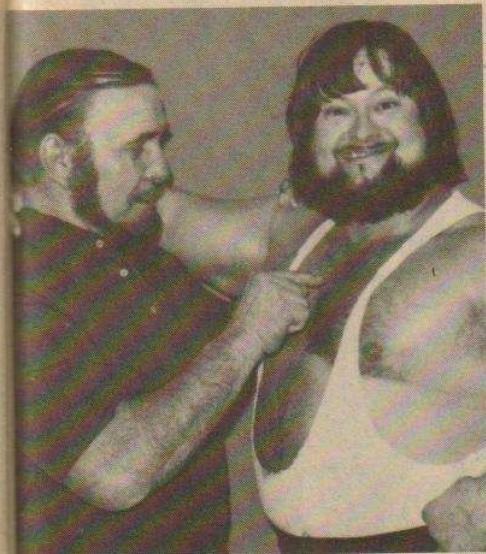
After some concentrated training sessions, Dick

Murdoch and Junkyard Dog have regained the Mid-South tag team belts from The Samoans... Kerry Von Erich is wrestling in Louisiana... Frank Dusek says that he and his protegee, The Super Destroyer, are seeking \$10,000 in damages, charging that Andre stomped on Destroyer's toe outside the ring following their match. "It was a vicious assault and my Super Destroyer is still seeing a doctor for treatment," Dusek claims.

A favorite of Florida fans several years ago was Buzz Sawyer. Well Buzz has returned to the Sunshine State—and he's no longer a favorite. Buzz has become a rulebreaker. "It's the way to go!" he told our man in West Palm Beach, T.G. Nathan. "Stickin' to the rules is a hunk of bull. It gets you nowhere."

It was mask vs. mask in

Texas—there could only be a winner if one man unmasked the other. The participants were Spoiler and Chan Chung. After a very brutal battle, Spoiler won and showed that Mr. Sakurada was under the mask of Chung . . . David and Kevin Von Erich are touring the world defending their newly won Asian tag team belts.



Frank Dusek (opposite left) is proceeding with a lawsuit that seeks \$10,000 in damages from Andre the Giant for stomping on the toe of Super Destroyer outside the ring after a match. Hulk Hogan charges that Ivan Kalmikoff and Mighty Igor (above) work together during a match.

Mighty Igor and his manager, Ivan Kalmikoff, admit that Hulk Hogan is the most powerful man Igor has faced in years. "It was a real challenge for Igor to wrestle the Hulk," Kalmikoff said. "We would sincerely like to oppose him again."

Hogan says that when Kalmikoff says we he means we. "That's right," he said. "Both of them rattle you. When Igor is in trouble, Kalmikoff helps him out. But it doesn't matter. I defeated both of them!"

Late Bulletin: Jimmy Snuka and Terry Gordy have won the Georgia tag team belts from Steve O and Ted DiBiase.

That's all for now. See you at the matches! ☐

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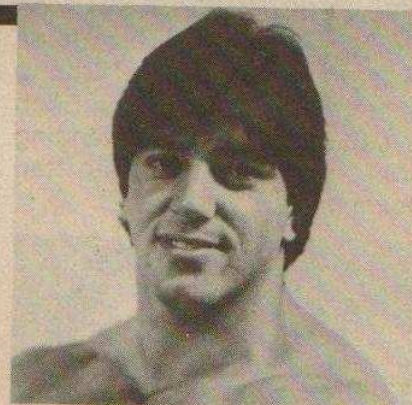
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WHAT THEY ARE SAYING

(Continued from Page 29)

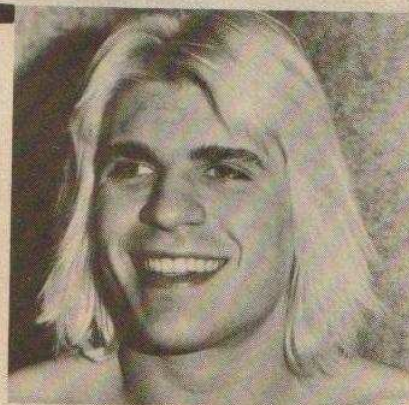
RICK MARTEL

"It's an honor to partner with Tony Garea. I think he's the best tag team wrestler in the world. People don't understand tag team wrestling is a special talent. Tony can partner with so many different types of wrestlers because he's a tag team genius. If tag team wrestling were more popular with the fans, Tony would be the most famous wrestler in the world."



TOMMY RICH

"I don't know if I'd keep wrestling if the fans ever turned against me. Their cheers give me strength. I know it sounds corny, but it's true. I can't explain it, but it makes me seem to be doing something more important than just winning for myself. Being a people's champion, like a knight was considered a champion, is the most important thing to me."



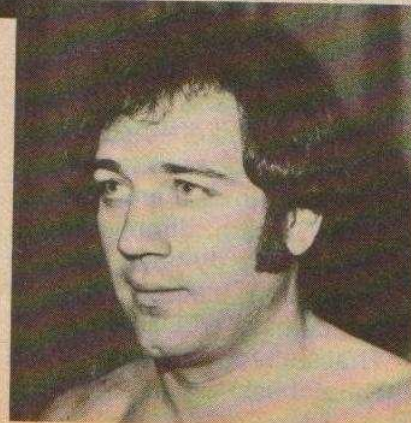
MICHAEL HAYES

"Hell, you win some and you lose some. The Freebirds were great while they lasted, but you can't cry over spilled milk. We'll be back. They can't keep us away forever. Yeah, we'll wait for the right time and then rock this damn sport to its foundations."



GREG GAGNE

"You can't plan for the future in this sport. Tomorrow, I might be injured and my career will be over. That's the risk you've got to accept. I guess that's what makes athletes from other people. We don't think about careers. We live just for the moment."



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DRESSING ROOM CONFIDENTIAL

(Continued from Page 10)

envious. And there are times when his flying maneuvers might even make Mil Mascaras take notice.

Having recently taken the Intercontinental title from Pedro Morales and working his way up to a title match with Bob Backlund, Muraco is the hottest wrestler in the WWF. And the most controversial.

"You know, I used to have a lot of respect for Mr. Don Muraco," said Pedro Morales. "He's got a lot of talent in the ring. But after what he did to me . . . well, I can hardly talk about him. But I swear to all my fans that Mr. Don Muraco will pay. He'll pay!"

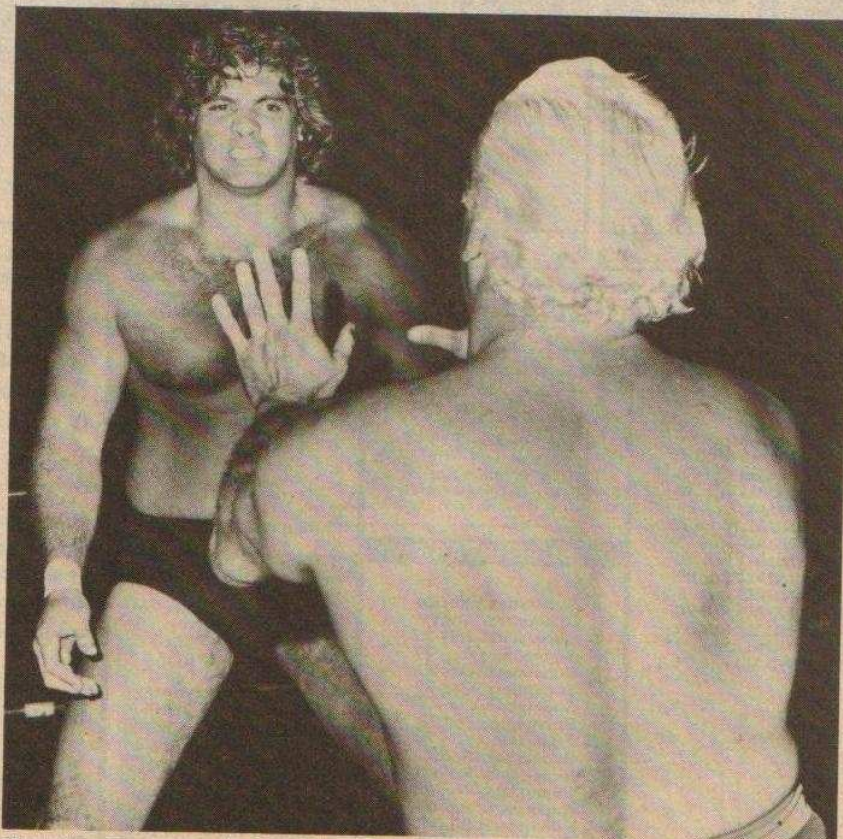
Morales is understandably upset at the manner in which he lost his title. Pedro was aiding the fallen referee when Muraco attacked him from behind with a foreign object.

The referee came to just in time to see Muraco press Morales.

It was a low-class trick in my opinion—and one that a man like Muraco doesn't have to use. If he did not defeat Morales this time around, he would have been the odds-on favorite to win in their next encounter. Unlike many rule-breakers who *have* to cheat to win, Muraco would be just as successful—and a great deal more popular—if he wrestled by the rules.

It is sad to see such a blatant waste of talent. Or more accurately, it is sad to see such a blatant *abuse* of talent.

"Why a young man who has so much talent and who can obviously choose from a number of styles would choose to go through life as a hated outcast,"



Showing no mercy to his pleading opponent, Muraco grits his teeth and prepares to attack. There is no need for a man with as much talent as Muraco to break the rules.



According to Stu Saks, Muraco would be wise to drop The Wizard as his manager and adopt a more sports-manlike approach.

said former WWF champion Bruno Sammartino, "is beyond me. If a man has that kind of natural ability, it seems to me that he should be perfecting ways of improving on that ability. He certainly shouldn't be wasting his time with a man like the Weasel."

But sadly, he is very much involved with The Grand Wizard of Wrestling. And he has been for five years, since the two made a secret agreement that would bring Muraco to the WWF when the Wizard felt the timing was proper. If my reports are accurate, their contract should come up for renewal within the year. My advice to Muraco is not to renew his contract with the Wizard, even if he is offered an astronomical amount of money.

The Grand Wizard is ruled by the checkbook, not the rulebook. He cares only for that number in his bankbook, and has no regard for the wrestlers he represents. There is a better way for Don Muraco, but only if he removes his blinders and sees what is happening in the real world. A world he'll never see clearly while looking through The Wizard's narrow, dark glasses. ☐

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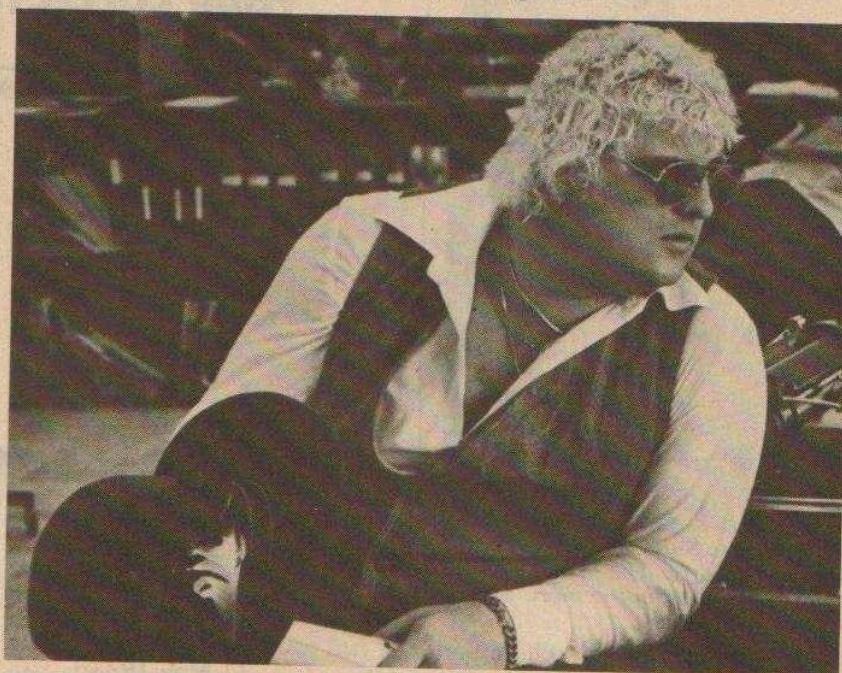
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PRESS CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 25)



"I was completely psyched up to regain the title and that's what I did. My mental attitude hasn't changed, and I'm better than ever in the ring."

president, and I don't think he should be making predictions or playing favorites.

SAKS: Let me ask you about what happened in the ring during your title match. To put it simply, you were magnificent. I mean, I've seen you wrestle before, but you were really at the peak of your form that night. Did you go through any special training or preparations before that bout?

RHODES: Nothing unusual for me, Stu, just my regular program of exercise and diet. Mentally, though, I felt the best I ever did. I was completely psyched up to regain the title and that's what I did. My mental attitude hasn't changed, and I'm better than ever in

the ring.

BROCK: Just to change the subject for a minute, here, Dusty. It wasn't too long ago when you swore vengeance against Killer Khan for breaking Andre the Giant's leg.

RHODES: That's right, Matt, and that sick, ugly freak is gonna pay through his soon-to-be broken nose for what he did to Andre.

BROCK: You mean to say you're threatening to...

RHODES: I mean to say that I'm threatening to eradicate that inhuman slime from the face of this earth. Killer Khan is a crazed madman who doesn't deserve to climb into the ring with decent men like Andre and myself.

APTER: Do you have any definite plan of action yet?

RHODES: Nothing that I can reveal here, but I guarantee to you right here and now, and to all your readers, that I will exact revenge for Khan's cruelty.

SAKS: You sound determined.

RHODES: You can bet your life on it, Stu. Wrestling is a violent sport, there's no question about that. But there is such a thing as going too far. Even rulebreakers know that there's a limit to certain things that can be done in the ring. But when you get a maniac like Khan, and he does something like he did to Andre, that's just going way too far for any kind of forgiveness. Yes, you can bet your life that he will pay.

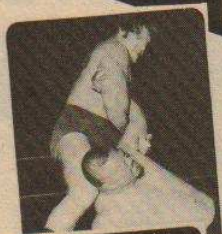
APTER: You were criticized a lot the first time you won the NWA title because of the fact that you didn't hold it for very long. What makes you think that this time will be any different?

RHODES: Apter, I think you're getting senile, that's twice today you asked me questions I already answered. Remember when I said that I was completely psyched? That's the difference. When I feel good mentally, in addition to keeping to my training, I perform best in the ring. I'm feeling better than ever lately, and it's carrying over into the ring. I'm more confident than ever about being able to withstand any challenge from anyone, and I know for sure that this time, my title reign will be a long and healthy one. I'm here to restore the fans' faith once again in The American Dream . . . namely, me.

BROCK: Dusty, thanks for talking with us.

RHODES: My pleasure, Matt. ☐

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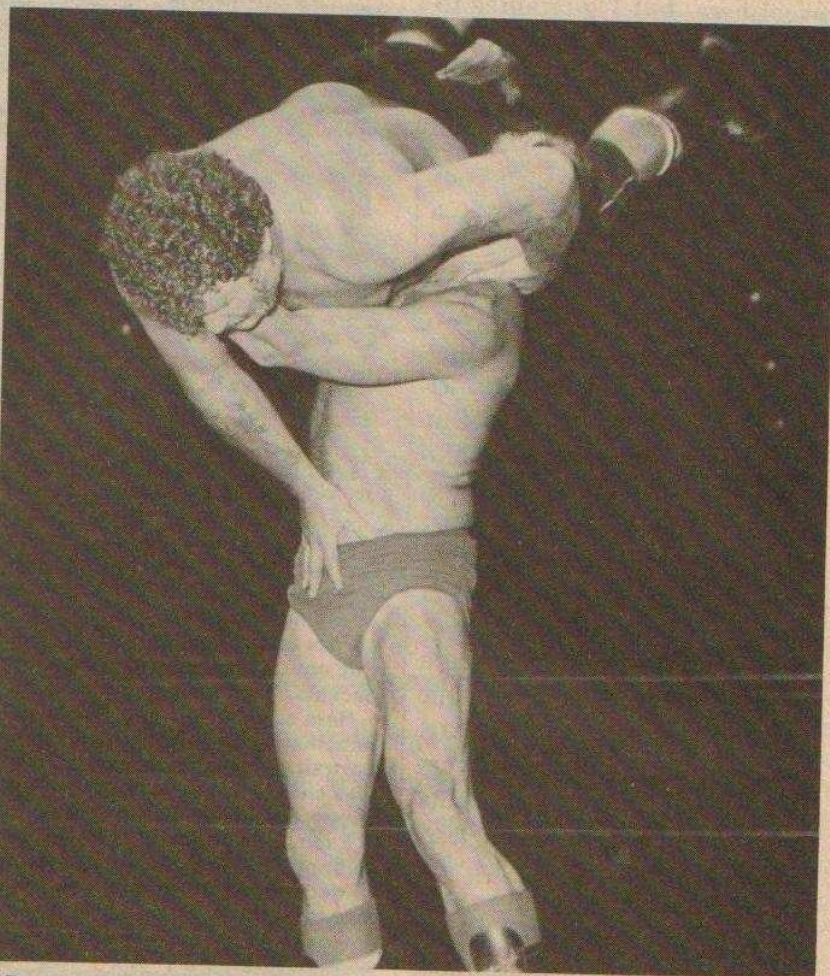
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HARLEY RACE

(Continued from Page 28)



If Race is going to keep wrestling the best opponents in the world and eventually get a rematch with Rhodes, he has to get his head into the strenuous training regimen that made him a great champion.

A look of horrible disgust crossed Harley's face. "I can't even describe some of them. The ones I can aren't even fit for publication in a family magazine. You can just imagine what some of these sick, twisted people did."

Sometimes, Harley Race felt as if he wished he could wake up and discover that it was all a nightmare. Unfortunately, it wasn't. The situation demanded that Race consider what the sport meant to him and what the fans meant to him.

"There have always been fans that support me wherever I go," said Race, "and just now they're beginning to outnumber the slime in the mail I've been getting. I think

the idiots are beginning to run out of ideas. Either that, or they're all being sent back to their padded cells.

"Anyway," he continued, "the supporting fans are beginning to come back, and they're great. They're telling me what I've been telling myself all along: I've got to forget about the scum, concentrate on my training, and get ready to regain the title. So that's the direction I'm heading in right now."

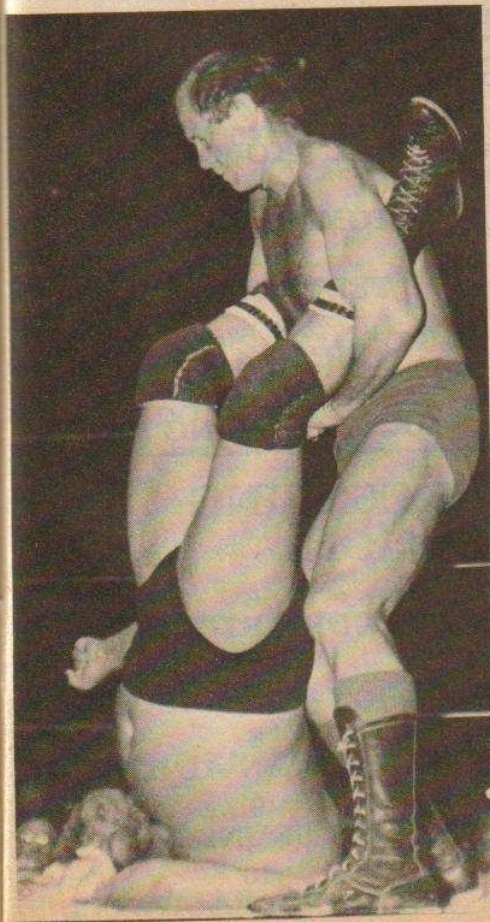
There is still some lingering hatred for many of the people who vented their anger on Race, though.

"You know, stupid people don't really bother me," Race explained, "I really feel sorry for them. But

people who hate for no reason are . . . are . . . well, there's just no words extreme enough to describe them. The goons that took their hate and directed it not to me, but to my family. Well, that hurt the most. I swear, if I ever see or hear somebody do something like that to my face, they're gonna be carried away in a box, and that's no threat. That's the truth."

The best thing for Harley Race right now is probably to forget completely about the abuse that has been directed his way since his title match with Dusty Rhodes. Work is always the best therapy, and it is fortunate for Race that he is beginning to fall back into his training schedule once again.

Indeed, his anger towards some stupid fans will eventually be channelled against his opponents in the ring. From the way Race has reacted against those fans, his opponents had better be prepared for a tough battle. ☐



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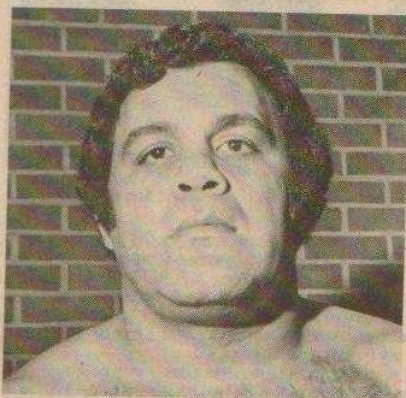
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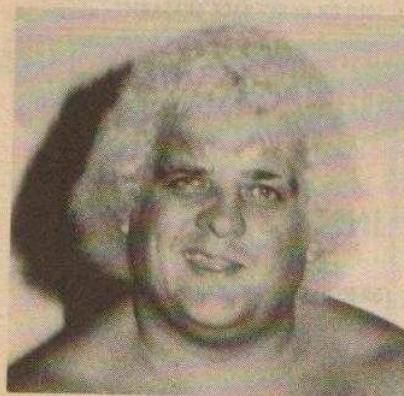
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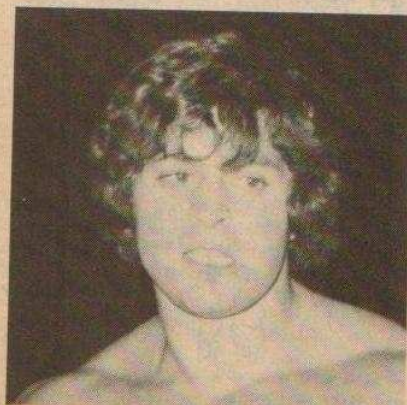
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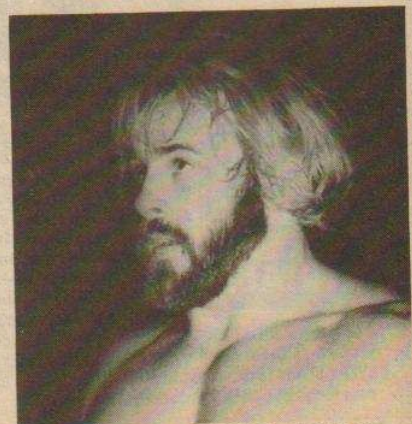
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